The Chicago Tribune.

VOL. 23. CHICAGO, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1869.—WITH SUPPLEMENT. NUMBER 137.

271

FOREIGN.

The Garrison of Paris Reinforced.

Mr. Peabody's Last Donation to the Southern Educational Fund.

Terrible Mining Disaster in Mexico.

Spain.

[illegible]

MADRID, Nov. 13.

[illegible]

Great Britain.

MR. PEABODY'S LAST GIFT.

LONDON, Oct. 13.

A few days previous to his death, Mr. Peabody gave an extra [illegible] to the Peabody Fund.

CHURCH MATTERS.

[illegible]

ARRIVAL.

QUEENSTOWN, Nov. 13.

The steamer City of Baltimore, from New York, arrived to-day.

Mexico.

[illegible]

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.

A letter from Mexico states that, on the 9th ult., [illegible]

South America.

THE SITUATION IN PARAGUAY.

LONDON, Nov. 13.

[illegible]

France.

GARRISON INCREASED.

PARIS, Nov. 13.

The garrison of this city has been augmented by two regiments of cavalry.

ROCHEFORT.

[illegible]

West Indies.

[illegible]

HAVANA, Nov. 13.

[illegible]

WASHINGTON.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.

CUBAN MATTERS.

The State Department has got reports from [illegible]

THE COTTON CROP.

Returns of the Agricultural Department indicate that the cotton crop this year will not be far from [illegible] bales.

MY MARYLAND.

Full returns from the recent election in Maryland show that the Republican vote was [illegible] greater than last year, and the Democratic vote [illegible] less, and the Democratic majority [illegible] less.

[illegible]

TO THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

FUNERAL OF ROBERT J. WALKER.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—The funeral of the late Robert J. Walker took place at noon to-day, [illegible] Oak Hill Cemetery, Georgetown.

CURRENCY STATEMENT.

[illegible]

PERSONAL.

Secretary Boutwell left for Boston last night, [illegible]

THE SAMANA MYSTERY.

[illegible]

DEPARTMENTS CLOSED.

The President was unable to attend the funeral of Robert J. Walker, [illegible] The Treasury and Post Office Departments both closed to-day, the former in respect to the memory of Robert J. Walker, and the latter of Amos Kendall.

THE M'GARRAHAN CASE.

The Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, in General Term, took up the case of McGarrahan vs. Browning. [illegible]

THE "ROLLING PIN" TRAGEDY.

Carl Greunhia Found Guilty of Manslaughter.

One Year in the Penitentiary.

The trial of Carl Greunhia, [illegible]

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

Election of Delegates to the National Convention at Cleveland.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Illinois Woman's Suffrage Association was held at the office of the Chicago Legal News, No. [illegible] Washington street, last evening, [illegible]

DIED.

[illegible]

MARRIED.

[illegible]

[illegible]

MASONIC NOTICES.

Masonic.

The members of NATIONAL LODGE, NO. [illegible], A. F. & A. M., are hereby notified to meet at their Hall, No. [illegible] North Clinton-st., between Randolph and Lake, on SUNDAY, Nov. 14, at [illegible] o'clock, to pay the last tribute of respect to our deceased brother, CHARLES N. FERRES. Members of sister Lodges are fraternally invited to meet with us.

L. A. HAMBLEN, W. M.

ROOFING MATERIAL.

ROOFING.
ROOFING.
ROOFING.

POWELL, GETCHELL & CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO

BARRETT, ARNOLD & POWELL,

EXPERIENCED

FELT AND COMPOSITION

ROOFERS,

OFFICE 124 LA SALLE-ST. (BASEMENT.)

All Orders Promptly Attended to.

REAL ESTATE.

SPECULATORS, TAKE NOTICE!

Oakenwald Riparian Right.

PROPOSALS

[illegible]

CLARKE, LAYTON & CO., No. 123 Washington-st., Chicago, Ill.

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS!

152 Large Lots,

[illegible]

Lots 50x175.

Price, $100 to $200.

[illegible]

HITT, HARDIN & HITT,
Room 10, Tribune Building.

FLOUR.

GOOD FLOUR.

[illegible]

UNION FAMILY FLOUR COMPANY,
[illegible]

ORNAMENTAL GLASS.

RICHARD F. ROACH,

ORNAMENTAL

GLASS CUTTER.

[illegible]

SOCIETY MEETINGS.

ILLINOIS ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY.

[illegible]

DAVID JOHNSTON,
Vice-Vice President.

DRY GOODS.

J. B. Shay

KEEPS THE

Most Select Assortment

OF

DRY GOODS,

In all Its Departments,

AND MAKES

The Lowest Prices

IN THIS MARKET.

We do not enumerate prices, but we guarantee that they are as low, if not lower, than any other house in the City of Chicago.

112, 114 & 116 Lake-st.

J. B. Shay

Invites Special Attention to a

FINE SELECTION

OF

LYONS VELVETS,

[illegible] INCHES WIDE,

Warranted all Silk,

AT LOW PRICES.

Also, to a large and rich assortment of

Black Thread

AND

Guipure Laces,

OWN IMPORTATION,

Expressly for Trimming Velvet Garments.

From Auction,

250 pcs 3-4 PLAID POPLINS,

HIGH COLORS.

These goods are less than half their value

112, 114 and 116 Lake-st.

STOVES AND RANGES.

ORIENTAL STOVES,
ORIENTAL FURNACES,
ORIENTAL PARLOR FURNACES,
STEWART'S PARLOR STOVES,
STEWART'S BASE BURNERS.

The largest assortment of the BEST PATTERNS of HEATING and cooking stoves in the West, at very low prices.

[illegible]

DALTON & CO.'S,
71 Lake-st.

THE "BRILLIANT"

Base-Burner,

For Heating One or Two Floors.

Is SUPERIOR to all others.

HAS AN OVEN ATTACHMENT.

Manufactured, and for sale to the trade only, by

J. F. RATHBONE & CO.,
99 & 100 Michigan-av., Chicago

The "Empire Gas Burner"

STOVES AND FURNACES.

The best in use, are sold at

176 Lake-st.

A. E. LEAVENWORTH.

Artists' Materials

Of Every Description, at

JEVNE & ALMINI'S,

Nos. 152 and 154 Clark-st.

Materials for Wax Flowers.

ORIENTAL

Furnaces, Ranges,

AND FIREPLACE HEATERS.

PEERLESS COOKING,

The best Cooking ever made. BRILLIANT PARLOR STOVES.

BARKER & HASLEY,
273 and 275 State-st.

CLOTHING.

JUST WHAT WE WANT.

NEW GOODS,

LOW PRICES.

129 Clark-st.

Just arrived, a fine lot of Fall and Winter Goods, consisting of French and English Beavers, Chinchillas, Meltons, Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Vestings; also, a large stock of

MEN'S AND YOUTHS'

CLOTHING

AND

Gents' Furnishing Goods.

P. J. HUSSANDER,
129 South Clark-st., Chicago.

MILLINERY.

MILLINERY

(ESTABLISHED [illegible])

GREAT BARGAINS.

MRS. C. A. MITCHELL

[illegible]

Satisfaction in Quality and Price.

[illegible]

199 West Madison-st.,

[illegible]

GREAT BARGAINS

IN

MILLINERY

GOODS.

[illegible]

MILLINERY.

[illegible]

DRESSMAKING.

PERSONAL.

[illegible]

EYE AND EAR.

EYE AND EAR INFIRMARY

[illegible] South Clark-st.,

DR. [illegible] COLE,

[illegible]

DRY GOODS.

MONDAY, Nov. 15,

We will offer the balance of our magnificent stock of FINE PARIS PATTERN

Cloth Cloaks,
Velvet Cloaks,
Opera Cloaks,
Emb'd Jackets,
Silk Suits,
Poplin Suits,
Serge Suits, &c.,

At a reduction of 30 per cent from the original cost of importation. Ladies in want of Choice Garments should not fail to [illegible] This is the last opportunity offered this season to purchase Genuine PARIS GARMENTS at much less than real value.

FIELD, LEITER & CO.,

STATE & WASHINGTON-STS.

LADIES' UNDERWEAR.

GREAT MAMMOTH SALE

AT

Hyman & Nathan's,

119 Lake-st.,

OF

Ladies', Children's and Infants'

UNDERWEAR,

Night Dresses, Chemises, Drawers, Skirts, Long and Short Infants' Dresses.

Will sell for Three Days only,

MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY,

Nov. 15, 16 and 17.

Goods all Marked in Plain Figures.

HYMAN & NATHAN,
119 Lake-st.

CARPETS.

Carpets, Carpets.

HOLLISTER & PHELPS

114 and 116 State-st.,

Have Just Received

A LARGE INVOICE

OF

English Body

and Tapestry

Brussels Carpets

IN

New and Choice Designs,

which they are offering at

VERY LOW PRICES.

Those wishing Carpets will do well to examine their stock before purchasing.

DENTISTRY.

D. M. TOWNER,

DENTIST,

181 & 183 West Madison-st.,

Northeast Corner Halsted (over J. J. [illegible] Drug Store).

VITALIZED AIR

USED IN EXTRACTING TEETH.

No Pain! No Danger!

FIRST-CLASS WORK

AT THE FOLLOWING PRICES:

Artificial Sets (very best)	$20 to $25
Cheaper Sets	10 to 15
Solid Gold Fillings	2 to 4
Silver Fillings	1 to 3

Teeth Extracted and New Ones Immediately Replaced.

Best City References Given on Application.

DENTAL PARLORS.

J. S. SWARTLEY

[illegible]

DIAMONDS.

DIAMONDS.

[illegible]

MAKE MONEY.

[illegible]

TEAS.

DIRECT IMPORTATION.

CHINESE AND JAPAN TEAS.

Via San Francisco and Pacific Railroads.

[illegible] Lbs. Will Be Sold to the Trade on Favorable Terms.

The Best Tea in the Market.

WM. A. BUTTERS & CO.,
Auction and Commission Merchants,
5, 7, 9 & 11 Randolph-st.

FURNITURE.

FURNITURE AT COST.

$300,000 AT COST.

A. L. HALE & BRO.,

Manufacturers,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Dealers,

10, 12, 14 & 16,

CANAL-ST.

GILBERT & SAMPSON,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

FIRST-CLASS

FURNITURE,

Parlor Suits, Drawing-Room

AND

CHAMBER SUITS,

Dining-Room and Library

FURNITURE,

Of the choicest and most elegant designs to be found in the country.

FRENCH PLATE, PIER & MANTEL MIRRORS,

Bedding, Curtain Goods, &c.

Also, a large assortment of very rich Pieces of Furniture, beautifully inlaid with Marquetrie work.

[illegible]

GILBERT & SAMPSON,
Fashionable Furniture Rooms,
113 & 115 STATE-ST.,
CHICAGO.

CHAS TOBEY,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

FURNITURE,

Bedding & Mirrors

Of every description. Has in work and in store large additions (to his former extensive stock) of the newest and most elegant designs of Furniture. All at

Greatly Reduced Prices

Any goods manufactured to order from the celebrated CALIFORNIA LAUREL Wood.

Laurel Wood Veneers for sale.

87, 89 & 91 State-st.,
CHICAGO.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

WM. W. STRONG,
262 Randolph-st.

SWINEY BROS. & WOODWARD,

CABINET MAKERS

AND DESIGNERS OF

Superior Furniture

Factory, cor. Kinzie and Reuben.

Sample Room, 29 Washington-st.

FURNITURE AT AUCTION.

We have decided to offer AT AUCTION,

On Wednesday of Each Week,

Our large and desirable stock of Furniture. Furniture Buyers are requested to call and examine our goods. Every article put up will be sold.

D. LONG & CO.,
FURNITURE DEALERS AND AUCTIONEERS,
52 South Wells-st.

PROFESSIONAL.

The Most Wonderful Scientific Invention of the Age!

The Correct Diagnosis and Successful Treatment of All Diseases Certain!

[illegible]

DRS. KNAPP & PARK.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. [illegible], 1869.

DR. EGAN

[illegible]

SAVINGS BANK.

THE COMMERCIAL LOAN CO'Y.,

44 North Clark-st.,

(Under the Sherman House.)

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

[illegible]

North Side Savings Bank.

[illegible]

J. T. CLARKSON, President.

[illegible]

OLD CLOTHES.

OLD CLOTHING.

Ladies and gentlemen (in [illegible]) clothing) will do well to call on or notify A. COLEMAN, [illegible] South Wells-st., who will pay the highest cash price, and call at [illegible]

DOLLAR SALE.

THE REVOLUTION

DOLLAR STORE,

73 Lake-st.,

WILL OPEN

At 11 a. m., on Monday Morning,

And will exhibit a large invoice of Fancy Goods,

JUST RECEIVED from EUROPE,

COMPRISING

PARIAN VASES,
BOHEMIAN VASES,
LAVA GOODS,
CIGAR STANDS,
TOBACCO BOXES,
CHROMOS,
FRAMES,
PICTURES, &c.

To our Dry Goods Department we have added a Full Line of Linen Goods and Hosiery, in

Ladies' Hose,
Gents' Hose,
Towels,
Ladies' Hats,
Handkerchiefs,
Col'rd Bed Spreads,
&c., &c.,

The Largest Stock of Fancy Goods, and the Best Line of Dry Goods, ever offered to the public at the

PRICE OF $1.00.

Call at 73 Lake-st.

CHINESE GOODS.

JAPANESE AND

CHINESE GOODS.

LACQUERED

AND

Inlaid Work Boxes, Jewel Cases,

GLOVE-BOXES, TOILET ARTICLES, &c.

Fire-Proof Tea-Pots

Of the finest workmanship, and articles of every description from

India, China, and Japan.

W. P. HAUGHEY,
India Store, [illegible]

FINANCIAL.

MONEY TO LOAN

ON WAREHOUSE RECEIPTS,

Personal Property and Mortgages,

In Sums to Suit.

BALDWIN, WALKER & CO.,

No. 6 Otis Block, Cor. Madison & LaSalle-sts.

$30,000

To buy purchase-money mortgages, running one, two, and three years.

WILLARD, DOWNER & CO.,
[illegible] Dearborn-st.

Money to Turn Corners,

In Moderate Sums,

AT 126 SOUTH CLARK-ST.

D. G. HAMILTON and S. K. SWIFT, Trustees.

Commercial Paper

Bought and Sold.

Jacob R. Shipherd & Co.,
155 and 157 LaSalle-st.

STATIONERY GOODS.

DIARIES

FOR 1870.

A fine assortment of OFFICE and POCKET DIARIES for 1870, for sale by

JOHN H. SMALL & CO.,
117 Dearborn-st.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE JERSEY BLUE.

The best AMERICAN BOYS' PAPER ever published. Devoted to Base Ball, Cricket and Aquatics, and to every thing known to the Boys of America. [illegible]

GENERAL NOTICES.

FREE EXHIBITION

OF THE

Prize Golden Bantams

AND OTHER FANCY FOWLS,

At F. KAEMPFER'S BIRD STORE,

137 Washington-st.

Conversational and Literary Exercises, IN FRENCH.

[illegible]

FRUIT.

APPLES! APPLES! APPLES!

[illegible]

WINTER FRUIT

of the best varieties. Also,

Prime Sweet Cider,

THE PURE APPLE JUICE.

J. T. MORRIS & CO.,
120 South Water-st.

MINCE-MEAT.

MINCE-MEAT! MINCE-MEAT!!

ATMORE'S

Celebrated Mince-Meat.

[illegible]

STEAM DYE WORKS.

Dye to Live and Live to Dye.

[illegible]

WM. TAYLOR,
[illegible]

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.

The Professor, Miss [illegible]

[illegible]

BUTTER.

50 Half Firkin Tubs

[illegible]

ISOM & DeLAND,
[illegible] South Water-st.

TELEGRAPHY.

OFFICE

PACIFIC & ATLANTIC

TELEGRAPH CO.

OF THE U. S.,

PITTSBURGH, Nov. 6, '69.

EQUITY OF CHARGES

For Night Telegrams.

COST OF NIGHT MESSAGES

Further Reduced.

THE PACIFIC AND ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY OF THE UNITED STATES, [illegible]

COMMERCIAL AND SOCIAL NIGHT MESSAGES.

THE PACIFIC AND ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY OF THE UNITED STATES, [illegible]

The main office of the Company, where night messages are received, is at

No. 91 Clark-st.

GEO. H. THURSTON,
PRESIDENT,
Pacific and Atlantic Telegraph Co. of the U. S.

REDUCTION OF RATES

FOR TRANSMISSION OF

Telegraph Messages.

OPENING OF THE OFFICES OF THE

PACIFIC & ATLANTIC

TELEGRAPH CO.

OF THE U. S.

IN CHICAGO.

OFFICE OF THE PACIFIC & ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CO., [illegible] PITTSBURGH, Nov. 6, 1869.

The Pacific & Atlantic Telegraph Company of the United States having completed the line to Chicago, has the pleasure of announcing to the citizens of that city, that, in accordance with the policy and custom of the corporation, it has opened offices for business in Chicago, with the following liberal reduction of rates, and trusts that the company will receive a fair share of the telegraph business of the people of the city:

From Chicago to New York, $1.[illegible] for 10 word message.
From Chicago to Philadelphia, $1.[illegible] for 10 word message.
From Chicago to Baltimore, $1.[illegible] for 10 word message.
From Chicago to Washington, $1.[illegible] for 10 word message.
From Chicago to Dayton, [illegible] for 10 word message.
From Chicago to Columbus, [illegible] for 10 word message.
From Chicago to Pittsburgh, [illegible] for 10 word message.
From Chicago to Cincinnati, [illegible] for 10 word message.
From Chicago to Louisville, [illegible] for 10 word message.
From Chicago to Nashville, $1.[illegible] for 10 word message.
From Chicago to Memphis, $1.[illegible] for 10 word message.

It is the policy of this Corporation to reduce rates, or from time to time the increase of messages offered for transmission over its wires justifies.

The people of Chicago need no argument to instruct them that competition is the cause of reduction in telegraph charges. Nor is it necessary to point out that a positive, full, and sustained support of THE PACIFIC & ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY OF THE UNITED STATES is but due as an act of justice, [illegible]

The Chicago Offices of the Company are at

91 CLARK-ST., bet. Randolph & Washington,
1[illegible] EXCHANGE-PLACE,
SOUTH WATER-ST., foot of State, and
CORNER RANDOLPH-ST. AND WABASH-AV.

GEO. H. THURSTON,
President Pacific & Atlantic Telegraph Company of the United States.

ORGANS.

WE RESPECTFULLY INVITE MUSICIANS,

And the Public generally, to examine the [illegible]

BURDETT

COMBINATION

ORGAN!

For Churches, Halls, Lodges, Schools and Individuals. [illegible]

LYON & HEALY,
Clark and Washington-sts.

[illegible]

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICES.

COPARTNERSHIP.

The copartnership of BRICKETT, CANOLL & CO. is this day dissolved by mutual consent—the business of the firm to be settled by Messrs. Brickett & Thorne.

D. BRICKETT,
D. R. CANOLL,
W. K. THORNE.

Chicago, Nov. 13, 1869.

The business will be continued by Messrs. BRICKETT & THORNE.

Notice of Partnership.

Mr. B. W. PHILLIPS, of this city, has this day been admitted a member of our firm, on and after Nov. 1, 1869.

FIELD, KING & CO.

FOR SALE.

TO CAPITALISTS.

A Rare Chance for Investment.

[illegible]

Address J. A. [illegible]

SEWING MACHINES.

SEWING MACHINES.

[illegible]

LOTTERY.

[illegible]

WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND JEWELRY.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

AMERICAN WATCHES, DIAMONDS, &c.

We have Just Received, and are Now Opening, the Largest and Best Assortment of

Diamonds, Silver Ware, Plated Ware,

Including the Celebrated "Gorham" Nickel Silver,

FRENCH CLOCKS, BRONZES, FINE JEWELRY AND WATCHES,

Ever Offered for sale in Chicago.

N. MATSON & CO.,
117 Lake-st.

AMUSEMENTS.

AIKEN'S MUSEUM.

[illegible]

FRANK E. AIKEN [illegible] Proprietor and Manager.

[illegible]

Never Too Late to Mend.

With all the [illegible]

[illegible]

LOST AT SEA.

[illegible]

ACT 1st.

LOSS OF THE BOMBAY CASTLE.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE OVERLAND MAIL.

THE NARRATIVE OF THE SHIPWRECK.

ACT 2d.

THE VIEW AT ASCOT.

LOOK OUT FOR THE LOCOMOTIVE.

THE ACCIDENT AT SUICIDE.

ACT 3d.

PANIC.

RUN ON THE BANK.

THE PANIC AT ITS HEIGHT.

THE FORGED CHECK.

THE BURNING HOUSE.

[illegible] INTO THE FLAMES.

ACT 4th.

[illegible] THE DEAD ALIVE!

TRANSPORTATION FOR LIFE!

[illegible]

LOST AT SEA!

Thursday, Thanksgiving Day,

Four Grand Performances.

At [illegible] a. m., by the morning,

ROBINSON CRUSOE, AND

A GHOST IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

[illegible] in the Afternoon,

[illegible]

GUNMAKER OF MOSCOW, and YOUNG ACTRESS.

And in the Evening,

LOST AT SEA. LOST AT SEA.

CHANG, THE CHINESE GIANT,

[illegible]

CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE.

U. D. HESS & CO. [illegible] Managers.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

FOR

THANKSGIVING DAY

AND EVENING.

[illegible]

MRS. SELDEN IRWIN

AND

MR. SELDEN IRWIN,

Supported by the favorite comedian,

MR. H. W. FISKE,

And a Specially selected COMPANY OF RECOGNIZED TALENT, [illegible]

[illegible]

MATINEE AT HALF PAST TWO,

[illegible]

AURORA FLOYD

EVENING, AT [illegible] O'CLOCK,

[illegible]

THE OCTOROON.

Monday, Nov. [illegible], first appearance in the West of LYDIA THOMPSON BURLESQUE TROUPE.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.

MR. JOS. JEFFERSON,

IN HIS GREAT SPECIALTY OF

Rip Van Winkle,

Every Evening and Saturday Matinee.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, Nov. 18,

THANKSGIVING,

Grand Rip Van Winkle Matinee.

DEARBORN THEATRE.

MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 15, the great

Emerson & Manning's Minstrels.

First appearance of JOHNNY CAMPBELL.

FIRST WEEK [illegible]

[illegible]

LIBRARY HALL.

FOR TWELVE NIGHTS ONLY,

COMMENCING

MONDAY, Nov. 15,

And continuing each night, excluding Saturday, [illegible]

THE WORLD-RENOWNED

DAVENPORT BROTHERS,

Will appear, after a most extraordinary and successful tour of four years in Europe, in their

Mysterious and Startling Wonders.

[illegible]

TO RENT.

[illegible]

DANCING ACADEMIES.

BOURNIQUE'S

DANCING ACADEMIES.

CLASSES MEET AS FOLLOWS:

[illegible]

PROF. A. E. BOURNIQUE.

MARTINE'S

DANCING ACADEMIES.

WEST SIDE—[illegible]

NORTH SIDE—[illegible]

[illegible] ACADEMIES.

[illegible] Wabash-av.

[illegible]

GRAND SOIREE

[illegible]

DANCING SCHOOL.

[illegible]

SOCIABLE.

[illegible]

PARTNER WANTED.

PARTNER WANTED.

[illegible]

AUCTION SALES.

ESTABLISHED [illegible]

WM. A. BUTTERS & CO.

Auctioneers and Dry Goods Commission Merchants,

5, 7, 9 and 11 Randolph-st.

LARGE AND ATTRACTIVE SALE

OF

CUSTOM-MADE

CLOTHING,

[illegible]

AT AUCTION,

On Tuesday and Wednesday Mornings, Nov. 16 and 17, [illegible]

[illegible]

WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auct'rs.

By J. E. CHAMBERS & CO.

GOOD FURNITURE

AT AUCTION,

At [illegible] Twenty-second-st.,

On MONDAY, 15th inst., at 10 o'clock a. m.,

[illegible]

GEO. P. GORE & CO.,

Auction and Commission Merchants

[illegible]

22, 24 and 26 Randolph-st.

GEO. P. GORE & CO.,

[illegible]

WILL OFFER

AT AUCTION,

On TUESDAY, Nov. 16, [illegible]

CLOTHING,

Hats and Caps, Hosiery, Gloves, Gents' Underwear, Linen Handkerchiefs, Scarfs, Ties, Notions, &c.

On WEDNESDAY, Nov. 17, [illegible]

BOOTS AND SHOES.

At 11 a. m.,

75 CASES

McDougall's Hand-Made Shells.

By GILBERT & WEBER.

AT AUCTION,

[illegible]

FURNITURE,

Crockery, Carpets, &c.,

[illegible]

At No. 190 South Desplaines-st.

[illegible]

AUCTION SALE.

The entire Stock of the

Central Livery Stables,

[illegible]

40 FINE HORSES,

[illegible]

[illegible] Buggies, Carriages, Harness, Whips, Robes, Sleighs, &c.

On WEDNESDAY, Nov. 17, at 10 a. m.

[illegible]

8 and 10 South Water-st.

[illegible]

BY D. LONG & CO.,

Furniture Auctioneers, [illegible] South Wells-st.

FIRST

Regular Furniture Sale

On Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 10 a. m.,

At Our Salesrooms, 52 South Wells-st.

[illegible]

D. LONG & CO., Auctioneers.

By EDWARD F. THOMAS & CO.

Regular Monday's Sale of

FURNITURE,

[illegible]

EDWARD F. THOMAS & CO., Auctioneers.

GAS FIXTURES.

Gas Fixtures.

PETERSON & PATTERSON'S,
90 Washington-st.

GAS FIXTURES.

ALL NEW STYLES at a reduction of 20 per cent, at [illegible]
[illegible] Washington-st.

TO RENT.

TO RENT,

In New Tribune Building,

Fire-Proof Stores or Rooms,

[illegible]

WM. C. DOW,
[illegible]

NEW HOTEL,

OR FOR

Business Purposes.

[illegible]

TO RENT.

Stores 38 and 40 Lake-st.

[illegible]

WM. C. DOW,
[illegible]

REMOVED.

REMOVAL.

J. M. W. JONES,

[illegible]

Nos. 108 & 110 RANDOLPH-ST.

[illegible]

CLOTHES WRINGERS.

[illegible]

EXTRA CLOTHES WRINGERS.

[illegible]

The Tribune.

[illegible]

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1869.

REV. ISAAC B. SMITH ACQUITTED.

The verdict of acquittal rendered yesterday, in the case of Rev. Isaac B. Smith, has been generally expected by those who have watched the testimony, and the manner in which the prosecution has been conducted. The evidence was singularly clear on some points which were not made public before the trial. It appeared, without denial, that Mr. Smith and his wife had lived happily together, and conducted themselves always with affectionate kindness towards each other; that his wife had urged him to get the insurance on her life, on the ground that in the event of her death he would be almost without the means of giving her a respectable burial; that on the morning of the fatal day Mr. Smith abandoned the intention of going to the Conference at Elgin, and was only induced to do so when he found his wife had set her mind upon it in order to make it the occasion of a visit to her sister's that night; that when they were about to return from the Conference, Mr. Smith thrice urged a brother clergyman to drive to her sister's with them, thus showing that at least up to the hour of the accident Mr. Smith could have had no intent to take the life of his wife at the time and place at which her death occurred.

Mr. Smith's father also testified that the funds necessary to pay for the house his son was building were to have been procured, as soon as practicable, from the sale of his farm, and in the meantime he seems to have relied on temporary aid from one or two members of his congregation. These facts disprove any previous intent, and go very far to negative the assumed motive.

The catastrophe at the river or creek still remains, in some respects, a mystery. The depth of the water, owing to rains just previous, is, indeed, increased by a portion of the testimony from the alleged "seventeen inches" to about twenty-four inches. But the inability of Mr. Smith to bring out, at least to land, the body of his wife, or even to find her in the water, and his state of intense bodily and mental exhaustion when he arrived at her brother's house, are not explained. It is to be regretted that, while the Court allowed every trivial peculiarity in the character of Mr. Smith's house to be put in evidence, it ruled out all testimony relative to Mr. Smith's own physical condition and peculiarities as inadmissible, unless the defence would plead insanity, which, of course, they did not. It would throw some light on this branch of the case [illegible]

[illegible]

come to be sour, censorious, domineering, and ugly, they will induce at least infidels to contribute to the support of their own cause. But so long as "the beauty of holiness," is however few it may be practically exemplified, is still a moral fact of which all are conscious as something everywhere possible, even though it were nowhere actual, so long will even the most skeptical minds bequeath their money, their children, and their comforts to the care of religion, and acknowledge it as their ever beautiful spiritual mother.

ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION.

The Byron-Stowe controversy, which has been so fruitful of newspaper and magazine articles in this country and England, has dwindled down in the latter country to a discussion of the proper mode of pronouncing the poet's name. The *Pall Mall* (spelled *Pell Mell*) *Gazette*, a newspaper published in a city which Lord *Broom* (Brougham) used to call *Lun'un* (London), on the north bank of the *Tems* (Thames), west of *Greenidge* (Greenwich), decides, after an exhaustive discussion of the authorities, that we should pronounce the name of the great poet of cynicism and misanthropy as if it were spelled *Byrren*, the *y* being short. That this pronunciation, however correct, will ever be generally adopted, is very improbable; but it is worthy of notice as an illustration of the way in which our trans-Atlantic brethren twist, distort, and pervert the pronunciation of proper names, in defiance of all reason and analogy. English writers have indulged in a great deal of hypercriticism in showing up the faults of our American speech; but we doubt if our greatest offences against the Queen's English exhibit a greater perversity than that displayed by the highest classes in England in metamorphosing the names of persons and places. In many cases the exercise of this license works such extraordinary and bizarre transformations that a person who had never heard the word spoken could not, by the luckiest guess, hit upon the spelling.

What, for example, can be more absurd than to pronounce Beauchamp *Beecham*; Bagehot, *Bagget*; Belvoir, *Beever*; Saint John, *Sinjon*; and Lewes, *Loss*? In a manner equally ridiculous, Cirencester is contracted into the hissing *Sisseter*; the lordly and sonorous Cholmondeley shrinks into the pigmy *Chumly*; the famous Epsom race is called the *Darby*; the name of the poet Cowper, as if to insinuate that all his musical staves were written, not from inspiration, but as a Task, is pronounced *Cooper*; and the great Lord Chancellor, of whom it was said that science was his *forte* and omniscience his *foible*, dwindles, as we have already remarked, into *Broom*—significant, we suppose, of the sweeping style of his oratory, and which suggested "Byron's" sarcastic line,—

"A legal broom's a moral chimney-sweeper."

In the same spirit, the name of the great military chief who stayed the triumphant course of Louis XIV. is cut down to *Mawlbro*, in allusion, doubtless, to the mauling which he gave the French at Blenheim and Malplaquet. This tendency to economize time by shortening pronunciation is not new in England, but dates back beyond the time of Voltaire, who, in reference to this clipping of words, said that an Englishman gained on a Frenchman two hours a day in talking. There is a similar tendency to abridge the spelling of words, and hence "incognito" has been shortened [illegible]

[illegible]

purposes, in a manner calculated to destroy the reverence in which Christian people hold the book. In many private schools the general and public reading of the Old Testament is never practised. The omission of certain chapters and verses does not mend the difficulty, because the omission is sure to attract attention to the parts omitted. There are many persons whose veneration for the Bible is such that they wholly disapprove of the use of it as a text book, like Mitchell's Geography and Edwards' Readers; they think it ought never to be read, except with religious reverence and devotional respect. They do not find that it is thus used by boys and girls in schools; on the contrary, it is often used in quite an opposite manner, and for an opposite purpose. This whole subject is one which has its difficulties, and it should be treated with kindness and toleration to conflicting opinions, and with a view to render the public schools the greatest possible benefit to the greatest possible number.

The Associated Press reporter in New York regales the afternoon papers with the substance of the New York *Herald's* ideas on banking and currency, which are that the National Bank currency should be withdrawn, and Treasury notes issued in its place. It gives as a reason therefor that "the government would then get the benefit of a national circulation, the profits of which are enormous. The people would have a uniform currency, perfectly safe and steady."

There is no intimation in the despatch that the *Herald* offers any plan for maintaining the value of the Treasury notes, or for redeeming them on presentation. The *Herald* never thought of that. It has not occurred to that sapient print that redemption of the notes is a matter of the slightest consequence. Wipe out the National Banks and increase the irredeemable, fluctuating shinplasters of the government by 300 millions, and "then the people," it says, "would have a uniform currency, perfectly safe and steady." With only $356,000,000 of irredeemable greenbacks the unsteadiness is incessant. They vary in value every business hour of every day. The waters of the sea are not so unstable as the value of greenbacks. The fluctuations are not only incessant but enormous, changing in a single day from 140 in the morning to 162 at noon, and then falling to 130 in an hour. If this happens with the present volume of greenbacks, what would be the fluctuations if the quantity of this unstable stuff was doubled? For the past four years the unredeemed notes of the government have been at an average discount of 30 per cent below par, the discount varying from 24 to 40 per cent. How much would the future discount be if three hundred millions were added to the amount of irredeemable notes of the government? To say it would be uniform and steady in value, as the *Herald* does, is to insult the intelligence of the reader. The truth is, the *Herald* has not reflected on the subject at all. It doesn't seem to know that the *promise* of a government, as well as of an individual, must be fulfilled, to maintain its credit; and that there must be a certainty in the public mind that a demand note will be redeemed on presentation, or its value will fluctuate and fall below par. But the *Herald* is the shallowest thinker among all the New York dailies. Its editorials are of the most superficial and dishwater descrip[illegible]

[illegible]

THE WORLD OF AMUSEMENT.

Autumn.

With Some Seasonable Thoughts.

A Reminiscence.

What an Ivy Plant Did.

An Anniversary.

And a Glance at the Outlook.

Amusements.

At Home and Abroad.

CHICAGO, Nov. 13.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

I do not think it is possible [illegible]

[illegible]

FASHIONS AND FOLLIES.

The Good and the Gentleman.

A Man's Dress, from Collar to Cane.

Hats, Hair, and Handkerchiefs.

What are the requisites of a gentleman [illegible]

[illegible]

corduroy, a soft, ribbed, plushy material, very handsome. [illegible]

GLOVES

are made in all the warm-tinted shades of brown. The olive-colored gloves are passé; so are green. The styles for the season will be decided for New Year's calls. Garnet and Vandyke will be the lightest colors worn on the promenade. Lavender, dark pearl, and pale lemon for opera and party.

CANES.

Malacca joint canes, with stained shafts and ivory heads, with gold bands, solid and handsome, are used now in place of the heavy [illegible]. They are worn by a few, who hang them, but are principally carried under the arms of sprightly young men, which will account for the number of glass eyes used, and also for the increase of youths who make their mark in the world.

HATS.

The high silk hat, broad top and wide brim, rolled at the side, is the newest. It is called the Dunlap, and is anything but handsome in its counter appearance. However, it is the latest style, and is certainly impressive enough to suit the most fastidious. There are two styles in silk hats, one being a little more "toppish" than the other. The hat for business wear is the Don Carlos,—a stiff, high, brigandish-looking felt, with a wide rolling brim and a heavy silk band. It has a very knowing tip, and is just the thing for a well-dressed young man. [illegible]

[illegible]

MURDER TRIAL.

End of the Celebrated Smith Case.

Verdict of "Not Guilty."

The Prisoner Discharged.

The Scene in Court.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

GENEVA, Nov. 13.

The snow fell heavily last night, and this morning there seemed to be a poor prospect for a large attendance in court. In spite of that, the people came out in large numbers from every part of the county, for this was the last day of the great trial that has monopolized the attention of the people for the past ten days. Even ladies, all the way from Aurora, braved the pelting storm, and were in attendance early. Nothing, perhaps, attests the interest felt in the case so much as this fact of slender, fragile ladies exposing themselves to the elements, in order to be present at its conclusion. So it was, however. The house was as crowded as if the opera of Martha was on the boards, or Jefferson was playing Rip Van Winkle.

OPENING COURT.

His Honor the Judge mounted the bench at half a minute to 10 [illegible], and at one minute past 10 the Sheriff opened the court. The poor forlorn jury was called in and their names were called over.

The prisoner next came upon the scene, looking haggard and worn. His father took up position alongside him, and all was ready for the final [illegible]

[illegible]

and they replied in the affirmative. The prisoner was then discharged.

HOW THE VERDICT WAS RECEIVED.

There was no applause. The audience seemed satisfied with the result. The prisoner gradually raised his head, stood up, and was immediately surrounded by friends who congratulated him on his acquittal. He felt good over it, and smiled contentedly. The court then adjourned for a quarter of an hour, when the regular routine business was taken up.

THE FINALE.

Thus ended the celebrated Smith case. It was tried on the part of the lawyers with no mean ability, but with a levity unbecoming to them professionally and derogatory to, if not destructive of, the dignity that should obtain in a court of justice, especially in a trial for life.

THE CORSET QUESTION.

An English and American View of the Article.

From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

The English journals are indulging in one of their periodical battles over the corset question. At moderate intervals the pros and cons of tight lacing are hotly discussed by our British brothers and sisters with very great fervor and very little common sense. It appears that John Bull has fairly invaded the prerogative of his women, and that corsets have been legitimized among the articles of male attire in the British dominions.

John Bull in corsets presents a delightfully ludicrous spectacle to the world. The burly beef-eater, struggling with corpulence, and lacing up his brawny muscles in a stout leather corset, not at all for look's sake—oh, not at all!—but just for the comfort of the thing, and the improvement of the digestion, is an anomaly which upsets every received notion of British character. Banting has evidently failed to bring Mr. Bull down to the graceful proportions of his Gallic neighbor, and John, with his instinctive love of brute force, turns upon himself with stout cord and leather and steel, and straps himself up within an inch of his life, and then grows out a hoarse invitation to his brother Bulls to come and see how he is enjoying himself. John finds it comfortable to sleep in leather corsets, which he wears next to his natural hide, and he heightens the enjoyment by putting an extra turn on them before breakfast. [illegible]

[illegible]

SOMETHING COMING.

[illegible]

The Perils of Book Publishers.

[illegible]

FURNISHING GOODS.

EXTREMELY
LOW PRICES
AT
FIELD, LEITER
& CO.'S,
FOR
Ladies' Underwear,
Gents' Underwear,
Children's Underwear.
Complete Stock of
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S
Merino,
Silk,
Balbriggan,
Lisle, and
FLEECED HOSE.
FULL LINE
Gents' Furnishing Goods
AND
Gents' Cardigan Jackets,
Selected with especial care for our RETAIL TRADE, and will be sold at ONE-THIRD LESS THAN SAME QUALITIES ARE USUALLY SOLD AT.
Also, just in receipt of 200 doz of those POPULAR
SHIRTS & DRAWERS
At $1.00.
State & Washington-sts.

FURS.

BISHOP & BARNES,
FUR DEALERS,
Have on hand, and in process of manufacture, $200,000 worth of rich and elegant Furs, comprising Sables, Royal Ermine, Mink, Fitch, Siberian Squirrel, Astrachan, Otter, Beaver, &c. Also, the very rare Nova Scotia Black Mink, the most elegant Fur ever offered in this market.
☞ Ladies are cordially invited to examine these Goods, whether desiring to purchase or not.

BISHOP & BARNES,
FUR DEALERS,
Have the largest Fur Manufactory in the Western country; employ the most skilful and experienced workmen. From the dressing of Skins to completion, their Furs are guaranteed perfect in every particular.
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BISHOP & BARNES,
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Purchase their Fur Skins direct from Indians and Trappers, at a great saving in the cost—an advantage they give their customers the benefit of.
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BISHOP & BARNES,
FUR DEALERS,
Importers and Manufacturers of Foreign and Domestic Furs,
115 LAKE-ST.
Sign of the Black Bear.

STRYKER & BARNES,
FUR
MANUFACTURERS
Would respectfully call the attention of the Ladies to their large stock of Fine Furs, comprising some of very finest Maine and Hudson Bay Mink Sets, made into their new style, a fine assortment of Sables and Ermine, Astrachan sets, made from perfect skins, Seal Sacques, Children's Fancy Furs, &c., all of which are made in the best manner and warranted perfect. Fur repairing of all kinds neatly done.
GENTLEMEN
Will find our Hat Stock the LARGEST and BEST in the West.
Corner Washington & Clark-sts.

FURS! FURS!
NO ONE HAS A
BETTER STOCK
OR MAKES
Lower Prices,
THAN
BREWSTER,
FURRIER,
Sherman House.

PEACE TO ITS ASHES.

Destruction by Fire of the Republican Wigwam Last Evening.

The Place of Abraham Lincoln's Nomination a Thing of the Past.

Sketch of its Political and Commercial History.

Seventeen Stores and Shops and their Contents Destroyed.

Loss, $35,000—Insurance, $21,000.

The Republican Wigwam of Chicago is no more. It departed in a volume of fire and a cloud of smoke at 9 o'clock last night. Peace to its ashes! It was the grandest and at the same time most [illegible] structure in the United States. Within its walls freedom was born, and it gave America the most illustrious character in her history. It was built for the convention that nominated the first Republican President. The choice fell on Abraham Lincoln. It stood through his term of office, and was yet firm when the bullet of the traitor ended the martyr's life. The mission of the party that reared it was not yet accomplished [illegible] unshaken during all the years of the war [illegible] its time, and knowing that the [illegible] tempest. It got to be a [illegible] building. Standing in the very [illegible] of the business part of the city, it seemed [illegible]

[illegible]

THE SCENE

in the vicinity of the burning building [illegible]

THE CITY IN BRIEF.

[illegible]

THE CURRENT QUESTION.

SOMETHING COMING.

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[illegible]

It was valued by the Trustees of the Garrett Institute at ..., and rented for .... Whether it was insured or not could not be ascertained. It was probably not, as, at a recent meeting of the Trustees, it was represented to be in a dilapidated condition, and recommended to be torn down, in order that a more substantial structure might be erected on its site.

THE SCENE

in the vicinity of the burning building was such as has rarely been witnessed even at the great fires of Chicago. The bad news had travelled fast, and it seemed as though almost half of the entire population of the city had left its evening occupation with common consent, and walked there to see the last of the old Wigwam. Men, women, and children thronged every street, and, by the time the mounting flames had a ... of brilliancy, they illumined a vast expanse of humanity in every direction. Only by the strongest exertions of the policemen was the street kept clear and the firemen enabled to work unhindered.

THE CITY IN BRIEF.

ANOTHER MAGNIFICENT SLEEPING-CAR has just been turned out of the shop of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad Company. The new suite of bedrooms on wheels is called the "Sacramento," and is designed to be placed on the regular daily Pacific express between Chicago and Council Bluffs. A few weeks since the "Colorado" was described in THE TRIBUNE, and the same superb and luxurious details are to be found in the "Sacramento," with the exception that the interior of the car is of solid mahogany throughout, trimmed with ebony and gilt mouldings, inlaid with rosewood, and plentifully adorned with carved ornaments, medallions, etc. The car is heated with two of Baker's patent heaters, whereby pipes filled with hot water are extended along near the floor at every seat, supplying that great desideratum in railway travel in the winter, warm feet. As to upholstery, carpeting, silver plating, ground-glass work, ornamental painting, and all the best-known conveniences and comforts, the "Sacramento" is even a trifle superior to the magnificent predecessors which have rendered the sleeping car line on the C., R. I. & P. R. R. second to none in the world. It cost $.... Another sleeping coach, the "San Francisco," is now in process of construction at the Rock Island shops, and, when completed, will embody some entirely new features.

[illegible]

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY.

PRESENTATION.

TRAINING OF WOMEN FOR THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Lecture by Prof. ...

... Now, if feminine co-operation is requisite in literature, the drama and music, can decidedly fill a place in mercantile and industrial pursuits, and also be necessary to balance society, will it not—yes, must it not—become equally as advantageous in medical science and art? We all complain of quackery, and lament that charlatans gain access to many of our best regulated families. Would this be possible if women were better informed as to the requirements of a good physician? Said the Hungarian patriot, "Give your children an education, and the silver heel of the despot's horse shall never trample on the fair fabric of your freedom." So give woman full educational enfranchisement, and the lives of our fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, wives, and their children, will be more secure when assailed by disease and the vital spark is flickering.

The ... responded by loud and continued applause.

IMPERFECT RETURNS.

Who Were Elected Aldermen in the Ninth and Twelfth Wards.

Hearing of Arguments by the Board of Canvassers.

The Judges of Election to be Allowed to Amend Their Returns.

The Canvass to be Resumed.

Pursuant to appointment, the Board of Canvassers met yesterday afternoon, in the County Court-room, for the purpose of hearing the arguments of counsel on the motion that the judges of election who made imperfect returns be permitted to amend said returns, in accordance with law. The full board, consisting of Justices of the Peace D'Wolf, Buckley, and Summerfield, and General Salomon, County Clerk, and A. H. Bodman, City Clerk, was present, and a large crowd of spectators were in attendance. Mr. Caulfield appeared as counsel for Cummings, Messrs. ... and Knickerbocker for Balsham, and Mr. Grant for McCotter.

MR. GRANT'S STATEMENT.

Mr. Grant presented affidavits signed by the judges and clerks of election in the Third Precinct of the Twelfth Ward, setting forth, in effect, the fact that Samuel McCotter did receive, as candidate for Alderman, ... votes, being a majority of ... over all the votes cast for the opposing candidate in said precinct; that the list of persons and the number of votes cast for the same were accidentally and through an inadvertency, omitted to be returned by the said judges, partly because of the protracted time and the excessive labor involved—it being past 3 o'clock in the morning when they had finished their duties—and partly because the judges supposed that it was only the ... list of ... and county officers which the law required to be ....

[illegible]

RELIGIOUS.

Harry Morehouse—What An Admirer Says of Him.

Services in the Churches To-Day.

HARRY MOREHOUSE.

Harry Morehouse, the youthful evangelist, whose every public appearance awaits the hearts of his friends and admirers, speaks in Farwell Hall to-night. No one of equal years has won, in his chosen sphere, a wider fame than this impressive advocate of Christianity. In religious attainments and influence he stands out in bold relief as one of the peculiar men of the time. The soundness, the ardor, and the genuine eloquence of his utterance, stamp every man, woman, and child of the masses who throng to hear him with a sense of his extraordinary power. It is within the limits of simple truth to say that Harry Morehouse is a very prodigy of pulpit oratory. There is in him no extravagance ...

[illegible]

DISCOVERY OF STOLEN PROPERTY.

METEOROLOGICAL.

SPORTING.

The Illinois Billiard Championship—A Big Run.

Turf Matters, Etc.

BILLIARDS.

THE MATCH FOR THE STATE CHAMPIONSHIP,

between Frank Parker, present champion, and Pete Snyder, has been postponed until Friday evening next, November 19. It will take place at Crosby's Music Hall, and will unquestionably be the most brilliant and interesting game ever played for the Illinois championship. In a practice game, yesterday, Parker made a run of eight hundred points. Snyder is digging away on North Clark street, at Mozart Hall, and is also playing splendid billiards. On dit, that Parker, in case of winning the forthcoming match, will resign the cue, leaving it to be contested for in a State tournament.

THE TRIGGER.

CONTEMPLATED TOURNEY BY THE PRAIRIE CLUB.

At a recent regular meeting of the Prairie Shooting Club it was resolved that the semi-annual tourney of the club take place on Thursday, November 25, at Dexter Park. The new Club House, which is a model of neatness, comfort, and convenience, will then be formally inaugurated. A pleasant occasion is anticipated.

QUOITING.

MATCH GAME ON THANKSGIVING DAY.

A match game at quoits will be played on Thanksgiving Day, between the West and South Side champions, for a purse of $100. The game will take place ...

[illegible]

... astonishment, delight, rapture. It was then that Woodruff declared him the fastest trotting horse in the world. Woodruff knew something about horses. In his sixth year he made his first public appearance on the stage. Soon after he became the property, in part, of George Trussell, of Chicago, who was subsequently murdered by his mistress, Mollie Trussell, when Dexter escaped from such ignoble hands. His other owner sold him to Mr. Bonner, who now owns him, and where he is treated as the "King of the Turf" deserves. The prospect of a cheerful old age is before him, with little work, plenty of provender, and quarters meet for his station. When he dies a monument will doubtless commemorate his exploits and his virtues. How much better his fate than that of his former owner, Trussell, who died like a dog in the street, and by the hand of a fallen woman. It demonstrates that a fast horse is of much more account than fast humanity.

THE RING.

PRIZE-FIGHTERS IN LIMBO.

M. C. McDonald and Johnny Hannon, two pugilists, who have been in training for a fight, which was shortly to have come off somewhere in Minnesota, were on Thursday last arrested in St. Paul and placed under bonds of $500 each to keep the peace. Hannon was able to get the required security, but McDonald, less fortunate, was, in default, thrown into jail. He is to train on bread and water for a few months.

CHICAGO STOCK BOARD.

Election of Officers and Appointment of Committees.

Hours for Business—List of the Present Members.

A meeting of the Chicago Stock Board was held yesterday afternoon, at their rooms, No. 130 Clark street, for the purpose of electing officers and transacting other business. Mr. D. H. Denton called the meeting to order, and on his motion, Mr. H. M. Thompson was elected Chairman, and A. S. Dalzell, Secretary pro tem.

On motion of Mr. Denton, the rules and by-laws, as printed, were adopted as a whole.

The meeting then proceeded to the election of officers. Messrs. Field, Goodrich, and ... were appointed tellers.

Mr. Denton nominated C. B. Goodyear for the Presidency, and C. H. Field was also nominated. The whole number of votes cast was ..., of which C. B. Goodyear received 15. On motion, his election was made unanimous.

[illegible]

THE POLAR REGIONS.

REAL ESTATE.

[illegible]

... did not apparently distract his attention or check the flow of his ideas.

Miss Thackeray has inherited a portion of the genius of her father. She has already produced many sweet and touching stories, enlivened by the wit and repartee so characteristic of his writings.

When Thackeray died it was supposed, from his generous sympathies and his free mode of living, that his daughters were left without a support, and Messrs. Smith & Elder, the publishers, to their honor be it said, sent them a check-book with every check signed, to be filled up as their wants should require; but fortunately the father had left behind a competency for their support. Annie can, with the pen, carve out a fortune for herself, while Minnie has found a protector in one who, while capable of appreciating her worth, is not indifferent to the noble traits of her parent.

MONETARY AND COMMERCIAL.

MONETARY.

SATURDAY EVENING, Nov. 13.

The money market has remained uniformly dull and tight during the whole of the past week. As a general thing, the banks have been low in funds, though two or three of the leading banks have as uniformly reported money in fair supply, and say that they have supplied their customers with all the accommodation that their accounts entitled them to. There are, however, a great many borrowers to whom the banks are willing to lend when money is comparatively easy, who cannot get favors of them now, and are obliged to borrow in the open market at from 1½ to 2 per cent per month. The prospects of the money market for the next month or two depend to a considerable extent on the time at which lake navigation shall close. ...

[illegible]

COMMERCIAL.

[illegible]

CHICAGO LIVE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

[illegible]

MILWAUKEE.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 13.—...

BUFFALO.

BUFFALO, Nov. 13.—...

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

Illinois and Michigan Canal.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

[illegible]

LEGAL NOTICES.

In the Circuit Court of Cook County.

[illegible]

DYE STUFFS.

ANILINE DYES,

[illegible]

MEDICAL CARDS.

Dr. Bigelow,

[illegible]

Private Matters.

[illegible]

Dr. Kaphael

[illegible]

COBB'S SELECT LIBRARY.

READING
FOR
EVERYBODY,
AND
PLENTY OF IT,
AT
COBB'S
Select Library,
29 Washington-st.

TEA.

LATEST TELEGRAPH NEWS.

[illegible]

SAN FRANCISCO
TEA COMPANY,
132 South Clark-st.,
Three doors North of Madison.
TEAS, COFFEES, AND SPICES.
[illegible]
GEO. W. ALLEN & CO.

SOUTH PARK BONDS.

The Undersigned Commissioners

[illegible]

SCALES.

FAIRBANKS'
STANDARD
SCALES,

[illegible]

RAILROADS.

Arrival and Departure of Trains

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN RAILROAD.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Closing Out.

[illegible]

Ladies' Cloak Emporium.

[illegible]

Wonderful Discovery.

[illegible]

BUSINESS NOTICES.

[illegible]

COUNTRY REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

[illegible]

Change of Time.

On and after to-day trains via the Columbus, Chicago & Indiana Central Railway will leave and arrive as follows:

[illegible]

Change of Railroad Time.

The Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railway Company [illegible]

Gunther's Caramels.

[illegible]

The One Dollar Store.

[illegible]

LOST AND FOUND.

[illegible]

HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

[illegible]

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

[illegible]

MACHINERY.

[illegible]

CITY REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

[illegible]

UNIMPROVED.

[illegible]

SUBURBAN REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

[illegible]

REAL ESTATE WANTED.

[illegible]

TO LOAN.

[illegible]

TO RENT—HOUSES.

[illegible]

TO RENT—OFFICES AND STORES.

[illegible]

WANTED—TO RENT.

[illegible]

DETECTIVE AGENCIES.

[illegible]

TO RENT—ROOMS.

[illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS.

[illegible]

PERSONAL.

[illegible]

BOARDING AND LODGING.

4 HUBBARD-COURT—ONE LARGE PLEASANT [illegible]

[illegible]

43 WEST WASHINGTON-ST.—GOOD ROOMS [illegible]

51 VAN BUREN-ST., BETWEEN STATE-ST. [illegible]

57 PINE-ST., CORNER OF OHIO—PLEASANT [illegible]

87 SOUTH GREEN-ST.—ONE LARGE FUR- [illegible]

88 WEST WASHINGTON-ST.—PLEASANT [illegible]

89 SOUTH SANGAMON-ST.—NEAR MADISON— [illegible]

92 NORTH DEARBORN-ST.—TO RENT WITH [illegible]

101 NORTH DEARBORN-ST.—TO RENT, [illegible]

106 TWELFTH-ST.—SIX YOUNG MEN [illegible]

112 ADAMS-ST.—ONE LARGE FURNISHED [illegible]

113 MICHIGAN-AV.—ONE FURNISHED [illegible]

114 MICHIGAN-AV.—FEW GENTLEMEN [illegible]

115 MICHIGAN-AV.—ONE LARGE [illegible]

116 MICHIGAN-AV.—TO RENT, WITH [illegible]

116 SUPERIOR-ST.—ELEGANT SUITE OF [illegible]

122 WEST WASHINGTON-ST.—A NICE [illegible]

136 NORTH STATE-ST.—A PLEASANT SUITE [illegible]

149 WEST WASHINGTON-ST.—TWO SINGLE [illegible]

155 MONROE-ST.—THOSE WANTING [illegible]

163 WEST WASHINGTON-ST.—ROOMS TO [illegible]

167 WABASH-AV.—ONLY TWO MINUTES [illegible]

176 WEST WASHINGTON-ST.—A FUR- [illegible]

185 WABASH-AV.—FIRST-CLASS ACCOM- [illegible]

199 MICHIGAN-AV.—TERRACE ROW [illegible]

215 STATE-ST.—NICELY FURNISHED [illegible]

219 WEST ADAMS-ST.—A PLEASANT FUR- [illegible]

226 WABASH-AV.—TO RENT WITH BOARD [illegible]

227 INDIANA-ST., NORTH SIDE—A NICELY [illegible]

228 WEST MONROE-ST.—BOARD WITH [illegible]

239 ILLINOIS-ST., NEAR STATE—PLEASANT [illegible]

241 OHIO-ST.—ONE ROOM, OR A SUITE OF [illegible]

244 WABASH-AV.—A NICE ROOM TO RENT, [illegible]

249 WEST MONROE-ST.—TO RENT, WITH [illegible]

253 DESPLAINES-ST., NEAR VAN BUREN— [illegible]

255 WEST MADISON-ST.—ONE NICELY FUR- [illegible]

261 SOUTH STATE-ST.—A PLEASANT FUR- [illegible]

262 WABASH-AV.—A FEW BOARDERS BY [illegible]

262½ WEST MADISON-ST.—ONLY 15 MIN- [illegible]

265 WABASH-AV.—TO RENT, WITH BOARD, [illegible]

266 WABASH-AV.—ONE LARGE ROOM OR [illegible]

271 ONTARIO-ST., ONE DOOR WEST OF [illegible]

273 WEST TAYLOR-ST.—FURNISHED PAR- [illegible]

290 WEST WASHINGTON-ST.—TWO PAR- [illegible]

300 AND 302 WABASH-AV.—A FINE SUITE [illegible]

318 WABASH-AV.—A NICELY FURNISHED [illegible]

336 WEST ADAMS-ST.—CAN ACCOMMO- [illegible]

364 OHIO-ST.—PLEASANT ROOMS TO RENT, [illegible]

407 WEST MONROE-ST.—A COUPLE OF [illegible]

431 WEST LAKE-ST.—SINGLE AND A SUITE [illegible]

445 WEST LAKE-ST., CORNER OF ADA—TO [illegible]

447 WEST LAKE-ST.—A LARGE AND SMALL [illegible]

458 WEST ADAMS-ST., OPPOSITE JEFFER- [illegible]

460 WEST ADAMS-ST.—A HANDSOMELY [illegible]

508 WABASH-AV.—A PLEASANT, WELL- [illegible]

[illegible]

BOARDING AND LODGING.

MICHIGAN-AV., NEAR FOURTEENTH-ST.—A [illegible]

NEAR UNION PARK—HAVING MORE ROOM [illegible]

SOUTH SANGAMON-ST., NEAR MADISON-ST. [illegible]

SOUTH SIDE—SPLENDID PARLORS AND [illegible]

TWO FURNISHED ROOMS, WITH BOARD [illegible]

TWO GENTLEMEN CAN OBTAIN A SINGLE [illegible]

WABASH-AV., NEAR TWENTY-FOURTH-ST. [illegible]

WABASH-AV., NEAR SIXTEENTH-ST. [illegible]

BOARD WANTED.

BOARD—A YOUNG EASTERN GENTLEMAN [illegible]

BOARD—FIRST-CLASS BOARD WANTED FOR [illegible]

BOARD—BY A YOUNG LADY, A HOME [illegible]

BOARD—BY A LADY FOR THE WINTER. [illegible]

BOARD—FOR A LADY, NEAR THE FRANK- [illegible]

BOARD—I WOULD LIKE TO EXCHANGE A [illegible]

BOARD—A GENTLEMAN AND WIFE WANT [illegible]

BUSINESS CHANCES.

A FIRST-CLASS LAGER BEER AND BILLIARD [illegible]

A STOCK OF MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS [illegible]

A FIRST-CLASS BAKERY AND CONFECTION- [illegible]

AN OPPORTUNITY IS NOW OFFERED TO THE [illegible]

A SALOON FOR SALE CHEAP, IN ONE OF [illegible]

A SPLENDIDLY-FITTED UP BILLIARD-HALL [illegible]

A JOBBING TOBACCO BUSINESS FOR SALE. [illegible]

BUTCHER SHOP FOR SALE, DOING $60 PER [illegible]

BAKERY, NO. 184 WEST MADISON-ST., NEAR [illegible]

BAKERY & CONFECTIONERY FOR SALE AT [illegible]

COAL AND WOOD YARD AND FIXTURES [illegible]

CONFECTIONERY FOR SALE, ONE OF THE [illegible]

DRY GOODS STORE FOR SALE, DOING A [illegible]

EDWARD T. THOMAS & CO., BUSINESS [illegible]

FOR SALE—OR EXCHANGE—VALUABLE MILL [illegible]

FOR SALE—CHEAP—GROCERY, FLOUR, FEED [illegible]

FOR SALE—TO A GOOD MAN, ½ INTEREST IN [illegible]

FOR SALE—THE "STANWIX LUNCH," [illegible]

FOR SALE—THE SALOON AND RESTAURANT [illegible]

FOR SALE—A VERY GOOD RESTAURANT. [illegible]

FOR SALE—BY BALDWIN & CO., 106 MADI- [illegible]

FOR SALE—A NEWLY-FURNISHED PRIVATE [illegible]

FOR SALE—NICE CIGAR STORE, NEAR THE [illegible]

GLUE FACTORY FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN. [illegible]

GROCERY STORE, WITH TWO HORSES, [illegible]

HARDWARE STORE—THE BEST IN THE [illegible]

KIMBALL'S MILL, DUPAGE CO., ILL., FOR [illegible]

LEASE AND FIXTURES OF MILLINERY AND [illegible]

MEAT MARKET IN GOOD LOCATION FOR [illegible]

NEWS DEPOT FOR SALE—A GOOD CHANCE [illegible]

NICE LITTLE DRY GOODS, NOTION STORE [illegible]

NEWS DEPOT AND CIGAR STORE, WITH FIX- [illegible]

PACKING HOUSE FOR SALE, WITH MEAT [illegible]

PATENT RIGHTS FOR SALE—ON SEVERAL [illegible]

STOCK OF DRY GOODS OF $5,000 TO $8,000 [illegible]

THE MOST COMPLETE MACHINE SHOP IN [illegible]

THE BEST BARGAIN IN THIS CITY—NICE [illegible]

WANTED—A MAN TO INVEST $1,500 IN A [illegible]

$300 WILL PURCHASE NICE CIGAR [illegible]

$500 WILL PURCHASE A HALF INTER- [illegible]

$500 WILL PURCHASE A BUSINESS THAT [illegible]

$500 WILL SECURE AN INTEREST IN A [illegible]

PARTNERS WANTED.

[illegible]

SEWING MACHINES.

[illegible]

HELP WANTED—MALES.

Miscellaneous.

[illegible]

Bookkeepers, Salesmen, &c.

[illegible]

Trades.

[illegible]

Coachmen, &c.

[illegible]

HELP WANTED—FEMALES.

Miscellaneous.

[illegible]

Seamstresses, &c.

[illegible]

Housekeepers.

[illegible]

Domestics.

[illegible]

WANTED—TO EXCHANGE

[illegible]

FINANCIAL.

[illegible]

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALES.

Miscellaneous.

[illegible]

Bookkeepers, Salesmen, &c.

[illegible]

Trades.

[illegible]

Coachmen, &c.

[illegible]

SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALES.

Miscellaneous.

[illegible]

Seamstresses, &c.

[illegible]

Housekeepers.

[illegible]

Domestics.

[illegible]

AGENTS WANTED.

[illegible]

FOR SALE.

[illegible]

MATRIMONIAL.

[illegible]

---

e Tribune.

DAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1869.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

[illegible] has invited a number of French and German authors to be present [illegible] ceremonies of the Suez Canal.

[illegible] weekly paper, *La Convention*, [illegible] defending American interests, has [illegible] started at Geneva, Switzerland.

[illegible] between editors are all the rage [illegible] Paris. Not less than seven came off [illegible] ten days of October.

[illegible] anniversary of Frederick von [illegible] (the great German poet) birthday has [illegible]

[illegible] Bismarck is five feet eleven inches [illegible] very muscular. The Crown Prince of [illegible] of the same height, but the old King is [illegible] shorter.

[illegible] Beuve, the great French critic, re- [illegible] hundred francs a week for his weekly [illegible] to the *Constitutionnel*. Jules Janin, [illegible] of the *Journal des Debats*, receives [illegible]

[illegible] number of criminals in the [illegible] of Prussia is increasing so rapidly, that [illegible] and penitentiaries are overcrowd- [illegible] many sentences in criminal cases [illegible] carried out at present, for want of room.

[illegible] one of the principal cities of [illegible] over forty thousand inhabitants, has [illegible] destroyed by fire, which had been [illegible] to the city from [illegible] neighboring [illegible] coal-mines.

[illegible] Emperor Napoleon has written a let- [illegible] condolence to Prince Metternich, who was [illegible] in a duel by Count de Beaumont. [illegible] of Madame de Beaumont was the [illegible] the duel. The Emperor of Austria [illegible] the Prince, by telegraph, to accept the [illegible]

[illegible] Spielhagen, some of whose [illegible] have been translated into English, and [illegible] in Berlin, similarly to Charles Dickens, [illegible] has been compared frequently as a [illegible]

[illegible] Paris *Pays*, one of the most zealous [illegible] of Napoleon the Third, comes out in a [illegible] article against Prince Napoleon, and [illegible] in the course of unforeseen events, the [illegible] should be called upon to ascend the throne [illegible] that it (the *Pays*) will not submit to his [illegible] the *Pays* is one of the semi-official journals [illegible]

[illegible] cook of the Emperor of Austria has [illegible] the example of the illustrious Vatel, [illegible] expressing her discontent at the [illegible] which had been prepared for the reception [illegible] Crown Prince of Prussia, the ambitious [illegible] committed suicide.

[illegible] manuscript of a novel written by [illegible] which has never been published, has been [illegible] in Montpellier. It has been submitted [illegible] French Academy, which has appointed a [illegible] of three to examine it carefully, and to [illegible] on the probability of its genuineness.

[illegible] Pitsinios, well known by his writ- [illegible] Orient, who had joined the Catho- [illegible] church lately, has been assassinated. His [illegible] mutilated in a horrible way, was found on [illegible] of the sea; the features were so hor- [illegible] that they could hardly be recognized, [illegible] fingers of both hands were missing.

[illegible] ander von Humboldt always used his [illegible] as his writing desk. He had acquired [illegible] while a traveller in the American wil- [illegible] and had written the manuscripts of all [illegible] works and all his letters in this very [illegible] manner. Hildebrandt, the eminent [illegible] represented the great naturalist work- [illegible] in his library.

[illegible] Louis the Second of Bavaria has [illegible] to the manager of the Munich Opera [illegible] for immediate representation Richard [illegible] new opera, "Die Walkure," which [illegible] the first part of a musical trilogy, "The [illegible]" of which "Rheingold" (which has [illegible] produced) is the prelude.

[illegible] Bancroft, the American Minister [illegible] Court of Berlin, has gone for a few weeks to [illegible] the birthplace of Immanuel Kant, the [illegible] of German philosophers. The [illegible] historian is said to be engaged in [illegible] study of Kant's writings, the original [illegible] of which are still preserved in the [illegible] libraries of Koenigsberg.

[illegible] Muhlbach is studying the history [illegible] Presidents of the United States, in order to [illegible] them the heroes of a series of historical [illegible] A romance, founded on the history of [illegible] Washington, will be the first volume of the [illegible] which promises to be interesting to Ameri- [illegible] readers.

[illegible] weeks ago the King of Saxony [illegible] through Schirgiswalde, a little town of his [illegible] and his loyal subjects celebrated the [illegible] event by public festivities, in which the most [illegible] enthusiasm prevailed. The speakers, [illegible] the King, tried to outdo one another, [illegible] the Mayor, in addressing the King, said: [illegible] Majesty, you are not only the father, but [illegible] the grandfather of your country!"

[illegible] of the most splendid monuments of [illegible] times will be the monument of Herman, [illegible] the deliverer of ancient Germany [illegible] Roman bondage, under whose lead the Ger- [illegible] defeated the Roman legions under Varus. [illegible] monument is being erected in the Teutoburg [illegible] near the city of Detmold, on the memora- [illegible] field of battle, which decided the independence [illegible] Germany. Ernest von Bandel is the sculptor. [illegible] made his first model for the great work [illegible] will now be completed within a year, if the [illegible] funds can be raised, as early as 1834.

[illegible] At Baden-Baden a new and charming [illegible] opera has just been produced in a most [illegible] way. Ivan Turgeneff's farce, "Le Der- [illegible] des Sorciers," which Madame Viardot has [illegible] charmingly set to music, was represented [illegible] in the *salon de theatre* of the villa Viardot. [illegible] Madame Viardot herself, a number of her tal- [illegible] pupils, and her son, who is now 14 years [illegible] The only male character in the play—the old [illegible]—was played by Turgeneff himself. But, [illegible] the poet does not sing, Mr. Milde, of the Court [illegible] of Weimar, had to sing all the airs behind [illegible] scenes, while Turgeneff, on the stage, moved [illegible] as if singing himself, accompanying his [illegible] songs with the appropriate gestures and [illegible] expression. In this manner he acted his difficult [illegible] quite creditably, and imitated the singer so [illegible] that during the trills, he kept his mouth [illegible] and drew a deep breath immediately after, [illegible] perfectly exhausted by the effort. The whole [illegible] is said to have made a most ridiculous im- [illegible]

[illegible] The Œcumenical Council, which is to [illegible] at Rome next month, will present a [illegible] unenviable feature, not altogether new in [illegible] history of the councils of the Catholic Church. [illegible] large cities of Europe, especially Paris, Vi- [illegible] and Berlin, will be represented there, not [illegible] by their prelates and literary men, but also [illegible] large number of their frail and fair ladies. [illegible] weeks Switzerland has been overrun by mem- [illegible] of the Paris *demi-monde*, who were on their [illegible] to the Eternal City. Berlin and Vienna will [illegible] send a large contingent of the same class, [illegible] which, during the season, has made the watering- [illegible] of Southern Germany its headquarters. It [illegible] evident that the "council of the *demi-monde*" will be equal, if not superior, in numbers [illegible] the council of the prelates and dignitaries of [illegible] the Church. Four centuries ago, during the Coun- [illegible] of Constance in 1414, by which John Huss was [illegible] condemned to the flames, over fifteen hundred [illegible] damsels attended the council, and many a [illegible] earned a golden harvest in a few months.

[illegible] At a great dinner-party, given to his [illegible] friends in Pomerania, Count Bismark told the fol- [illegible] anecdote, which caused the greatest mirth [illegible] gayety among his guests: "Since 1866," said [illegible] great statesman, "there has existed among my [illegible] in Berlin, as well as here in my own dear [illegible] Pomerania, a perfect rage to bestow my name on [illegible] sons. At least five hundred times I have [illegible] asked to become the god-father of a new- [illegible] young Prussian. But one case among these [illegible] hundred is so extraordinary and so amusing [illegible] it ought to be remembered, and for that [illegible] I will tell it here. In the fall of 1866, only a [illegible] months after the battle of Sadowa, an old [illegible] gentleman stepped into my room, announcing [illegible] as Mr. von H. He told me that God had [illegible] him a few days before with a son, on [illegible] he desired to confer my name, and con- [illegible] with inviting me to the baptismal cere- [illegible] which was to take place on the following [illegible] The old gentleman looked, in spite of his [illegible] appearance, so poor and so miserable, that [illegible] a double louis d'or out of my pocket and [illegible] it to him, while I expressed my regret, at [illegible] same time, that pressure of business prevented [illegible] from complying with his request. [illegible] Late in 1868 the same old grave-looking gen- [illegible] appeared again in my room, stating [illegible] God, in His inscrutable wisdom, had blessed [illegible]

AN AMERICAN ABROAD

Ideal and Actual Spain—The [illegible] ern Part of the Country—[illegible] Landscapes—The Ancient [illegible] Cordova—What it has been [illegible] What it is—The Old Moorish [illegible] thedral—Its Variety, Splendor [illegible] Suggestions—Women Who [illegible] and Find—Byron's Cinder [illegible] Marriage to a Noble Castilian [illegible] Very Latest Sensation.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.) CORDOVA, Spain, [illegible]

It seems a little odd to be riding on a [illegible] through Spain, and hear the guard or [illegible] cry out Pamplona, Burgos, Valladolid, [illegible] Seville, Badajos. We never associate the [illegible] try with the things of to-day, or with any [illegible]

It is always the land of the past, the [illegible] the Inquisition, the theatre of conspiracy, [illegible] the place of picturesque castles [illegible] palaces, of gloomy convents and [illegible] planning to escape with muffled [illegible] waiting somewhere under the wall. It [illegible] of dark-eyed senoritas [illegible] of proud hidalgos ready [illegible] the death for Castile, the Church, and [illegible] It is the region of serenades and [illegible] moonlight and mystery, of orange [illegible] nightingales, of jealous husbands, and [illegible] charmingly false wives.

How different is fancy from reality, the [illegible] the unknown! Beauty, love, sympathy, [illegible] happiness, are always in the treasure [illegible] of which we have lost the key. We find [illegible] and, with throbbing pulses and trembling [illegible] we open the casket, only to be [illegible] pointed. The precious contents are [illegible] have been familiar with for years. [illegible] same things with new names.

I can well remember, for it was [illegible] while ago, when the thought of [illegible] banks of the Tagus, or the Douro, [illegible] the Escurial, or standing under the [illegible] Alhambra, filled me with delight. [illegible] imagined I would pass month after [illegible] ville or Granada, dreaming over the [illegible] creating the present. A few years [illegible] perience, a new bent of thought, [illegible] We fall asleep enthusiasts and [illegible] cynics, perhaps skeptics and scoffers.

Long before coming to Spain, my [illegible] over; I cherished no illusions; I [illegible] shadows. I wander meditative, [illegible] from town to city, from valley to [illegible] convent to moldy palace, [illegible] Seville Cathedral and the Alcazar, [illegible] the taste of buried architect; one [illegible] here, shall be resigned to depart.

SOUTHERN SPAIN

[illegible] is very interesting; not exactly what [illegible] ardent imagination might expect, [illegible] well worth the trouble of a visit. [illegible] one can fill with annotations. The [illegible] turesque mountains, covered with [illegible] crowns, beautiful valleys, graceful [illegible] monasteries, moss-grown palaces, [illegible] Moors; fruitful plantations, groves [illegible] almond, fig and pomegranate, lemon [illegible] from the fragrant bosom of [illegible] glistening in the glare of the sun and [illegible] the moon.

Spain is Italy forty years ago, [illegible] flush of the tropics and a far less [illegible] more—less the splendors of art and [illegible] antiquities. The hotels are bad; [illegible] dirty, suspicious, and superstitious; [illegible] not honest, nor tradesmen either. [illegible] everywhere, and, so far as I can [illegible] overpowers the fresher breath [illegible] groves. Few things you purchase [illegible] in quality or price; indeed, you [illegible] worse accommodations in this [illegible] try in Europe—Russia, perhaps, [illegible] on all sides brothers you quite [illegible] outsitting their brothers in Naples [illegible]

There are drawbacks, I admit, [illegible] be expected by the traveller, which [illegible] comforts of home and over-sea [illegible] same time. No wine is perfectly [illegible] are can be employed. The very [illegible] only half and half, and unhappily [illegible] of the fraction. All persons [illegible] plain, grow enthusiastic, are [illegible] and at last, wearied and worn, [illegible] their own vine and fig-tree, to [illegible] and glory of foreign climes.

When you have basked in the [illegible] lounged in the Court of the Lions, [illegible] back to our feverish land, forgetting [illegible] breakfasts you have eaten at the [illegible] and the transparent swindles, [illegible] the host of the wayside posada, [illegible] and the flea cohorts that kept you [illegible] wretched inn at Loja or Bailen [illegible] mind, and you will recall only the [illegible] along the Xenil, and the first view [illegible] Morena. Even that hard-fisted [illegible] forced all water but holy water, [illegible] formed into gentlemen and [illegible] think, as you are jostled in [illegible] quiet it is in Andalusia, and how [illegible] kissed her hand to you as you [illegible] shade of the palms.

AN ANDALUSIAN [illegible]

[illegible] very noticeable here, is the [illegible] orange, that the glare of the [illegible] thing. The heat is equatorial; [illegible] o'clock requires a salamander [illegible] Spaniards, I endure it, and I [illegible] There seems to be a [illegible] everywhere, whether in the [illegible] or in the valleys. The sky, the [illegible] the streets, the hills, the [illegible] yellow, as if millions of tiny [illegible] showered down upon the land [illegible] is peculiar, and extremely [illegible] air seem hotter, and adds to [illegible] After observing it, I can better [illegible] Murillo and Velasquez's [illegible] pours through windows [illegible] the forest like a saffron [illegible] seemed too strong, exaggerated [illegible] tensity; but now I recognize [illegible] which they, as Spaniards, reproduced [illegible]

THE CITY.

Cordova, though not one [illegible] travellers would care to see, [illegible] tive to my mind. I am drawn [illegible] but for what it has been, [illegible] of Ferrara, Mantua, Parma, [illegible] member what it was during the [illegible] Saracens; how Gibbon, in [illegible] monotonous sentences, describes [illegible] quite stricken now from [illegible] famous Caliph dwelt here [illegible] luxury, and, after having [illegible] power, ambition, and [illegible] known but eleven days of [illegible]

The city has now no more [illegible] people; but it once boasted [illegible] number. Its streets are [illegible] and signs of decay are every [illegible] it contained one hundred and [illegible] eighty thousand palaces [illegible] buildings, and twelve [illegible] suburbs. Its university [illegible] learning was buried [illegible] much to dispel the [illegible] period. Not any test was [illegible] is now here. Miles and miles [illegible] marbles lined its streets. [illegible] of elaborate workmanship [illegible] waters. Piles of rank [illegible] of transcendent beauty [illegible] language. The arts were [illegible] were taught, and science [illegible] for the first time was [illegible]

Such is the historic [illegible] we must take into [illegible] the Oriental magnificence [illegible] Cordova was a splendid city, [illegible] of all the rest. [illegible] little new, and the [illegible]

HELP WANTED—MALES.
[illegible]
SITUATIONS WANTED—
[illegible]
SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALES.
[illegible]
HELP WANTED—FEMALES.
[illegible]
WANTED—TO EXCHANGE.
[illegible]
AGENTS WANTED.
[illegible]
FOR SALE.
[illegible]
FINANCIAL.
[illegible]
MATRIMONIAL.
[illegible]

he Tribune.
NDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1869.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

iceroy of Egypt has invited a number of French and German authors to be present at the ceremonies of the Suez Canal.

weekly paper, *La Convention*, [illegible] defending American interests, has been started at Geneva, Switzerland.

between editors are all the rage in Paris. Not less than seven came off in the last two days of October.

110th anniversary of Frederik von [illegible] (the great German poet) birthday has been celebrated in more than 500 cities.

Bismarck is five feet eleven inches [illegible] very muscular. The Crown Prince of [illegible] of the same height, but the old King is [illegible] shorter.

-Beuve, the great French critic, received five hundred francs a week for his weekly [illegible] to the *Constitutionnel*. Jules Janin, *feuilletoniste* of the *Journal des Débats*, received [illegible]

number of criminals in the [illegible] of Prussia is increasing so rapidly, that prisons and penitentiaries are overcrowded. [illegible] many sentences in criminal cases [illegible] carried out at present, for want of room.

gasaki, one of the principal cities of [illegible] with over forty thousand inhabitants, has [illegible] totally destroyed by fire, which had been [illegible] cated to the city from the neighboring [illegible] coal mines.

Emperor Napoleon has written a letter of condolence to Prince Metternich, who was wounded in a duel by Count de Beaumont. Metternich's infidelity of Madame de Beaumont was the cause of the duel. The Emperor of Austria and the Prince, by telegraph, to accept the [illegible]

erick Spielhagen, some of whose [illegible] have been translated into English, and [illegible] in Berlin, similarly to Charles Dickens, [illegible] has been compared frequently as a [illegible]

Paris *Pays*, one of the most zealous [illegible] ers of Napoleon the Third, comes out in a [illegible] ent article against Prince Napoleon, and [illegible] in the course of unforeseen events, the [illegible] should be called upon to ascend the throne [illegible] ce, that it (the *Pays*) will not submit to his [illegible] The *Pays* is one of the semi-official journals.

cook of the Emperor of Austria has [illegible] the example of the illustrious Vatel, [illegible] expressing her discontent at the [illegible] which had been prepared for the reception [illegible] Crown Prince of Prussia, the ambitious [illegible] committed suicide.

manuscript of a novel written by [illegible] which has never been published, has been [illegible] ered in Montpellier. It has been submitted [illegible] French Academy, which has appointed a [illegible] of two or three to examine it carefully, and to [illegible] on the probability of its genuineness.

ther Pizzinicu, well known by his writ[illegible] [illegible] and who had joined the Catholic Church lately, has been assassinated. His [illegible] mutilated in a horrible way, was found on [illegible] ore of the sea; the features were so horribly [illegible] that they could hardly be recognized, [illegible] fingers of both hands were missing.

xander von Humboldt always used his [illegible] as his writing desk. He had acquired [illegible] bit while a traveller in the American wil[illegible] and had written the manuscripts of all [illegible] at works and all his letters in this very in[illegible] ient manner. Hildebrandt, the eminent [illegible] represented the great naturalist work[illegible] [illegible] in his library.

Louis the Second of Bavaria has [illegible] ders to the manager of the Munich Opera [illegible] for immediate representation Richard [illegible] r's new opera, "Die Walküre," which [illegible] the first part of a musical trilogy, "The [illegible] ungen," of which "Rheingold" (which has been produced) is the prelude.

orge Bancroft, the American Minister [illegible] Court of Berlin, has gone for a few weeks to [illegible] berg the birthplace of Immanuel Kant, the [illegible] trious of German philosophers. The [illegible] erican historian is said to be engaged in [illegible] study of Kant's writings, the original [illegible] scripts of which are still preserved in the [illegible] libraries of Koenigsberg.

uise Muhlbach is studying the history [illegible] Presidents of the United States, in order to [illegible] them the heroes of a series of historical [illegible]. A romance, founded on the history of [illegible] e Washington, will be the first volume of the [illegible] which promises to be interesting to Ameri[illegible] aders.

me weeks ago the King of Saxony [illegible] through Schurgeswalde, a little town of his [illegible] dom, and his loyal subjects celebrated the [illegible] event by public festivities, in which the most [illegible] unced enthusiasm prevailed. The speakers, [illegible] the King, tried to outdo one another, [illegible] the Mayor, in addressing the King, said: "[illegible] ur Majesty, you are not only the father, but [illegible] the grandfather of your country!"

ne of the most splendid monuments of [illegible] ern times will be the monument of Herman, [illegible] minius, the deliverer of ancient Germany [illegible] Roman bondage, under whose lead the Ger[illegible] defeated the Roman legions under Varus. [illegible] monument is being erected in the Teutoburg [illegible] near the city of Detmold, on the memora[illegible] field of battle, which decided the independence [illegible] Germany. Ernest von Bandel is the sculptor. [illegible] made his first model for the great work, [illegible] ich will now be completed within a year, if the [illegible] essary funds can be raised, as early as 1834.

At Baden-Baden a new and charming [illegible] opera has just been produced in a most [illegible] ginal way. Ivan Turgeneff's farce, "Le Der[illegible] des Sorciers," which Madame Viardot has [illegible] charmingly set to music, was represented [illegible] re in the *salon de theatre* of the villa Viardot, [illegible] Madame Viardot herself, a number of her tal[illegible] pupils, and her son, who is now 14 years [illegible]. The only male character in the play—the old [illegible] gician—was played by Turgeneff himself. But, [illegible] the poet does not sing, Mr. Milde, of the Court [illegible] atre of Weimar, had to sing all the airs behind [illegible] scenes, while Turgeneff, on the stage, moved [illegible] lips as if singing himself, accompanying his [illegible] songs with the appropriate gestures and [illegible] pression. In this manner he acted his difficult [illegible] t quite creditably, and imitated the singer so [illegible] sely that, during the trills, he kept his mouth [illegible] and drew a deep breath immediately after, [illegible] f perfectly exhausted by the effort. The whole [illegible] is said to have made a most ridiculous im[illegible] sion.

The Œcumenical Council, which is to [illegible] ned at Rome next month, will present a [illegible] her unenviable feature, not altogether new in [illegible] history of the councils of the Catholic Church. [illegible] e large cities of Europe, especially Paris, Vi[illegible] na, and Berlin, will be represented there, not [illegible] y by their prelates and literary men, but also [illegible] a large number of their frail and fair ladies. [illegible] weeks Switzerland has been overrun by mem[illegible] of the Paris *demi-monde*, who were on their [illegible] y to the Eternal City. Berlin and Vienna will [illegible] o send a large contingent of the same class, [illegible] ich, during the season, has made the watering-[illegible] ces of Southern Germany its headquarters. It [illegible] vident that the "council of the *demi-monde*" will be equal, if not superior, in numbers [illegible] the council of the prelates and dignitaries of [illegible] Church. Four centuries ago, during the Coun[illegible] of Constance in 1414, by which John Huss was [illegible] demned to the flames, over fifteen hundred [illegible] damsels attended the council, and many o[illegible] earned a golden harvest in a few months.

At a great dinner-party, given to his [illegible] nds in Pomerania, Count Bismark told the fol[illegible] ing anecdote, which caused the greatest mirth [illegible] d gayety among his guests: "Since 1866," said [illegible] e great statesman, there has existed among my [illegible] ntrymen in Berlin, as well as here in my own dear [illegible] omerania, a perfect rage to bestow my name on [illegible] eir sons. At least five hundred times I have [illegible] en asked to become the god-father of a new-[illegible] rn young Prussian. But one case among these [illegible] ve hundred is so extraordinary and so amusing [illegible] at it ought to be remembered, and for that [illegible] ason I will tell it here. In the fall of 1866, only [illegible] few months after the battle of Sadowa, an old [illegible] ntleman stepped into my room, announcing [illegible] imself as Mr. von H. He told me that God had [illegible] essed him a few days before with a son, on [illegible] om he desired to confer my name, and con[illegible] uded with inviting me to the baptismal cere[illegible] ony, which was to take place on the following [illegible] ay. The old gentleman looked, in spite of his [illegible] rave appearance, so poor and so miserable, that [illegible] took a double louis d'or out of my pocket and [illegible] ave it to him, while I expressed my regret, at [illegible] he same time, that pressure of business prevented [illegible] e from complying with his request.

Late in 1867 the same old grave-looking gentleman appeared again in my room, stating that God, in His inscrutable wisdom, had blessed him once more with a son, and that he hoped I would this time confer the honor on his son which he had asked for in vain about a year ago. I gave him again a gold piece, but excused myself a second time, adding rather impatiently: 'Well, sir, the next time I shall certainly come myself!' Of course I had no idea that the old fellow, who seemed to be at least 60 years old, would bother me again with the same old song. But who can imagine my surprise when in October, 1868, about eleven months after his second visit, my old gentleman presented himself at my office, apparently in high spirits, and announced the birth of another scion. I gave him another ten-dollar piece, but he reminded me, with many thanks, of my promise, and I comprehended that this time there would be no escape for me. So I made up my mind to be there. 'I shall try to be at your house to-morrow afternoon; where do you live?' He gave me the name of the street and the number of his house, and left me, with a thousand benedictions for my generosity, and for the honor I was to confer on his family.

At about 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the next day I proceeded to the residence of the grave-looking old gentleman, and was prepared for one of those family scenes, which I can never look at with a cold heart. I knocked at the door, but nobody opened. I waited a minute or two, until I got quite impatient. Then I opened the door myself, and entered a miserable dirty hall; but the house seemed to be deserted; the most profound silence reigned everywhere. I pushed a front door open, leading, as it seemed, into the parlor, and saw there—who can imagine my surprise?—my old gentleman friend, quietly sleeping, and surrounded by five or six empty bottles, the contents of which had produced, of course, that calm smile which now irradiated the grave features of the three times blessed father of sons. I tried to rouse him from his slumber, but I discovered, soon, that he was in a state of hopeless intoxication; the last bottle lay fondly on his bosom, and, in looking at this charming picture, I perceived that the half empty bottle was probably the little baby to whom I was to give my name. I could not help smiling, and did not even get angry, when an old man, living in the neighborhood, informed me that Mr. von H. was an old bachelor and a hopeless drunkard besides. Perhaps my old gentleman friend will call on me again in a few months, and try to mulct me to the amount of ten dollars in gold, but this time he is sure to find his way home pretty quick."

A Spiritual Visitor.

From the Boston Journal.

On Friday evening last, about 4 o'clock, a lady [illegible] West End of the city, having [illegible] the rainbow, on the white linen hanging on lines, and raising her darkened eyes in bewilderment to the sky, was obliged to cover them with her hands on account of the dazzling effulgence and splendor which met her view and transfixed, as with a dart, her very soul.

Quivering with astonishment and fear, she hastened down stairs and alarmed the inmates of the house who, eager to behold what she had failed to portray in words, were astonished at seeing in the firmament the beaming form of a man as resplendent as the sun in its meridian glory. Round about him the forms of gorgeously attired infants of angelic beauty hovered and beneath them were seen the profiles of two women in a kneeling position.

One man, a Mr. Wiggin, also a resident of the West End, and a very trustworthy gentleman, possessing more rapid [illegible] than the others, burst a piece of glass through which were perceivable these words: "come—now is the accepted time; come now!" These were in very large green letters which he says he saw plainly. There were other words, but our informant could not decipher them.

"In the last days there shall be signs in the heavens." Surely, the end must be approaching when justice shall no longer be tempered with mercy, but with the wrath of the Great Judge of all judges.

"Who shall not fail nor be discouraged
Till he hath set judgment in the earth."

We have made inquiries concerning the parties alluded to above, and find that they are not Spiritualist, or Second Adventists, and are not given to nightmare. They are worthy Methodist people. Had only one person seen the sight it might not be considered remarkable; but several saw the forms distinctly, and the sight made an impression on their minds. We leave it for the meteorologists to determine what the phenomenon was.

AN AMERICAN ABROAD.

Ideal and Actual Spain—The Southern Part of the Country—Yellow Landscapes—The Ancient City of Cordova—What it has been, and What it is—The Old Moorish Cathedral—Its Variety, Splendor, and Suggestions—Women Who Seek and Find—Byron's Clandestine Marriage to a Noble Castilian—The Very Latest Sensation.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

CORDOVA, Spain, Sept. 15.

It seems a little odd to be riding on a railway through Spain, and hear the guard or conductor cry out Pampeluna, Burgos, Valladolid, Madrid, Seville, Badajoz. We never associate this country with the things of to-day, or with any sort of progress.

[illegible]

It is always the land of the past, the home of the Inquisition, the theatre of conspiracy and intrigue, the place of picturesque castles and Moorish palaces, of gloomy convents and beautiful nuns planning to escape with masked cavalier waiting amorously under the wall. It is the land of dark-eyed señoritas zealously guarded by shriveled dueñas, of proud hidalgos ready to go to the death for Castile, the Church, and the King. It is the region of serenades and assassins, of moonlight and mystery, of orange groves and nightingales, of jealous husbands, and of such charmingly false wives.

How different is fancy from reality, the seen from the unknown! Beauty, love, sympathy, poetry, happiness, are always in the treasured casket to which we have lost the key. We find it some day, and, with throbbing pulses and trembling fingers, we open the casket, only to be bitterly disappointed. The precious contents are what we have been familiar with for years. They are common things with fine names.

I can well remember, for it was a very little while ago, when the thought of wandering on the banks of the Tagus, or the Douro, of entering the Escurial, or standing under the ruined Alhambra, filled me with delight. I fondly imagined I could pass month after month in Castile or Granada, dreaming over the past and re-creating the present. A few years, a little experience, a new bent of thought, changes us. We fall asleep enthusiasts and wake [illegible], perhaps skeptics and scoffers.

Long before coming to Spain, my dreams were over; I cherished no illusions; I saw no rosy shadows. I wander meditative, but indifferent, from town to city, from valley to mountain, from crumbling convent to moldy palace, criticise the Seville Cathedral and the Alcazar, and marvel at the taste of buried architect; am resigned to be here, shall be resigned to depart.

SOUTHERN SPAIN

is very interesting; not exactly what a person of ardent imagination might expect, perhaps, but well worth the trouble of a visit. What it lacks one can fill with associations. There are picturesque mountains, covered with continuous snows, beautiful valleys, graceful rivers, ruined monasteries, moss-grown palaces, built by the Moors; fruitful plantations, groves of olive and almond, fig and pomegranate, lemon and orange, from the fragrant bosom of which the nightingales sing in the glare of the sun and the light of the moon.

Spain is fully forty years ago, with a deeper flush of the tropics and a far less favorable climate—less the splendors of art and the charm of antiquities. The hotels are bad; the people are dirty, suspicious, and superstitious; landlords are not honest, nor tradesmen either. Garlic is eaten everywhere, and, so far as I can judge, quite overpowers the feebler breath of the orange groves. Few things you purchase are satisfactory in quality or price; indeed, you pay more for worse accommodations in this than in any country in Europe—Russia, perhaps, excepted. Fleas on all sides besiege you, quite outnumbering and outbiting their brothers in Naples and Rome.

These are drawbacks, I admit, but they are to be expected by the traveller, who cannot have the comforts of home and over-sea sensations at the same time. No wine is perfectly pure; no pleasure can be unalloyed. The very best of life is only half and half, and unhappiness is the variation of the fraction. All persons travel and complain, grow enthusiastic, and get bored by turns, and at last, wearied and worn out, go back to their own vine and fig-tree, to tell of the beauty and glory of foreign climes.

When you have bathed in the Guadalquiver and lounged in the Court of the Lions, you will sail back to our feverish land, forgetting the dyspeptic breakfasts you have eaten at the Fonda Francesca, and the transparent swindling of the oleaginous host of the wayside posada. The garlic odors and the flea cohorts that kept you awake in the wretched inn at Leon or Bilbao will slip from your mind, and you will recall only the moonlight walk along the Xenil, and the first view of the Sierra Morena. Even that hard-featured girl, who abhorred all water but holy water, will appear transformed into gentleness and grace, when you think, as you are jostled in Fulton street, how quiet it is in Andalusia, and how energetically she kissed her hand to you as you walked under the shade of the palms.

AN ATMOSPHERIC EFFECT,

very noticeable here, is the deep yellow, almost orange, tint the glare of the sun gives to everything. The heat is equatorial, and from 12 to 3 o'clock requires a salamander to endure it. (Confidentially, I endure it, and I am not a salamander.) There seems to be a grand reflection from everywhere, whether in the mountainous regions or in the valleys. The sky, the clouds, the trees, the streets, the hills, the houses, the people, look yellow, as if millions of tiny cowslips had been showered down upon them overnight. The effect is peculiar, and extremely rich; but it makes the air seem hotter, and adds to the oppressiveness. After observing it, I can better appreciate some of Murillo and Velasquez's pictures, where the light pours through windows, crevices, and openings in the forest like a saffron flame. The light always seemed too strong, exaggerated in color and intensity; but now I recognize its fidelity to nature, which they, as Spaniards, reproduced on canvas.

THE CITY.

Cordova, though not one of the cities many travellers would care to see, has long been attractive to my mind. I am drawn to it not for what it is, but for what it has been. It has the charm of Ferrara, Mantua, Parma, and Rimini. I remember what it was during the conquest of the Saracens; how Gibbon, in his measured and monotonous sentences, described its glories. It is quite shrunken now from the time when the famous Caliph dwelt here amid all splendor and luxury, and, after having every gratification of power, ambition, and pleasure, confessed he had known but eleven days of happiness.

The city has now no more than forty thousand people; but it once boasted of fifty times that number. Its streets are narrow and crowded, and signs of decay are everywhere. At one time it contained one hundred and fifty public baths, eighty thousand palaces, two hundred thousand buildings, and twelve thousand villages for its suburbs. Its university was renowned when learning was buried in Europe, and did much to dispel the mental darkness of the period. No city had then known such luxury as was here. Miles and miles of carved and curious marbles lined its streets. Myriads of fountains, of elaborate workmanship, sparkled with perfumed waters. Poets of rank made sonnets to women of transcendent beauty who spoke all the learned languages. The arts were cultivated, the sciences were taught, and elegance of dress and manner for the first time was seen.

Such is the historic account, though, I presume, we must take into consideration the warmth of the Oriental imagination. No doubt, however, Cordova was a splendid city, far in advance of any other of that era. Traces of its magnificence are visible now, and the scholar and antiquarian might spend months here among the Roman and Moorish antiquities, of which it has more, probably, than any other place in Spain.

THE CATHEDRAL

is, of course, the principal attraction. Some persons regard it as the most splendid ecclesiastical edifice in Europe, and they are not without reason for their enthusiasm. Its architecture is varied, and good taste is often violated; but it is an extraordinary building, and must have been [illegible] without regard to cost. There is a prodigality of ornament and decoration that is bewildering in every part of it. Erected originally by the Romans, and destroyed by the Moors, the latter began the present edifice about eleven centuries ago. The exterior is profusely carved and adorned with various-hued marbles. The interior has nineteen principal naves, traversed by thirty-six smaller naves, giving it a singular but picturesque appearance. A vast number of columns of marble, jasper, porphyry, and malachite support the roof, which, with the walls, is covered with gilding, carving, and painting in arabesque, and almost every other pattern.

One gets an idea, from the whole, of supreme extravagance and barbaric splendor. He must not be critical or classic. He must muse over the eleven centuries since the foundations of the church were laid; think of the rise of Mahometanism, its superb conquests, what the Koran teaches, what Gibbon has written, what the Orientalists have fancied, what Cordova must have been, and he will enjoy the gorgeous pile as I have done. The Arabian Nights rise to your mind. You fancy the genii may rise through the marble floor; that the beautiful Zara or Zuleika may pluck you by the sleeve, with her white jewelled hand, and lead you to the secret chamber, where every object is steeped in voluptuousness. If there be a shadow behind you, you would not wonder to see a dark-eyed houri shining through it, and to feel her green scarf fluttering fragrantly against your cheek.

The church is Moorish from base to tower-top; Oriental, all color and sensuousness. To make it Roman is absurd, and you feel that its purpose has been profaned. The priests, the altars, the saints and virgins are mockeries and mummeries in that place dedicated to hot passions and material joys. Now it is the Alhambra theological, the mosque in sack-cloth and ashes, when its intention was to call the faithful to worship by promise of gratification of ever-fresh desires and banquets of the senses without end.

ITS COLLOQUIAL USE.

One great advantage in having seen this church is that it gives you something to use against boasting and catechising travellers. When they bore you with questions of what you have and have not [illegible] ask them if they are familiar with the Cor[illegible] for comparatively few who make the tour of Europe, as it is called, come to Spain; and those who come to Spain seldom find their way here. Your interrogatory will save you from hearing a deal of rubbish respecting St. Peter's, the Milan Duomo, St. Mark's, and Santa Croce; for to have seen a wonderful object, actual or assumed, that another traveller has not, silences his commonplaces effectually.

I expect to make large use of the Cordova edifice, and I am confident I shall be benefited by it more than many unfortunate devils who pray in its aisles. Remember, reader, that "Have you been to Cordova; have you seen the magnificent Cathedral?" will be the phrase to settle dispute at its birth.

[illegible]

I have referred to the superabundance of fleas. They increase rapidly as you go south, and the older the town the more fleas it harbors. I supposed Madrid had as many as it could hold, but I find it is inexcusably vague compared to Cordova or Seville. The Spaniards of either sex think no more of catching fleas in public than of smoking a cigarette. I got over my American squeamishness long ago. I have grown quite accustomed to see women do things that would be called monstrous at home. That which we understand as a shock to modesty is only a departure from the usual, and consequently foreigners do innocently what we deem indecent. Women, old and young, particularly in the smaller and less frequented towns, hunt for fleas whenever the inclination seizes them. The lower classes do not hesitate to stop in the street and make exhibitions that vividly recall the ballet at the Gaite, and the conduct of Claudia as Marguerite in the "Petit Faust."

As you walk or ride through the streets these warm evenings, almost any open window and flaming candle will show you that too many fleas are believed even here to be prejudicial to good sleep. The black-eyed seekers make no effort to hide themselves behind curtains. Only foreigners notice such entomological researches, and they soon cease to observe the common and commendable custom. If Hebe dwelt in Andalusia—well, she would be a much-bitten beauty, that's all.

A NEW BIT TO THE BYRON SCANDAL.

Being in Spain, and seeing all the newspapers discussing the probabilities of Byron's unwise love for his half-sister, I am reminded of what I have not thought of since the war, and furnish the story as a voluntary contribution to the volumes already printed:

After the Fremont campaign, I was in St. Louis for a few days, and met there an eccentric person, who called himself Captain Byron. He had been on Fremont's staff in some capacity, I think, but was then doing nothing beyond the wearing of a uniform, top boots, and spurs, and carrying a riding-whip, which was rather remarkable, as no one had ever seen him on horseback.

This Captain claimed to be a son of Byron by a clandestine marriage with a lady of noble birth, an old Castilian family. (A person of pretension in this country can no more be of any other family than an Irishman can help being descended from kings.) Her name was DeLuna, and the Captain, George Gordon DeLuna Byron, was the product of the union. I have been told that he has letters and papers fully substantiating his birth and legitimacy, and that, while he has no objection to the fact being known, he rarely refers to it himself.

I have seen the Captain in New York, and I hear he is now on the continent as the traveling agent of some American patent. I presume he would be quite willing to throw some light on the present darkness, if called upon, and I tell his story for the benefit of the many who feel more interest in the present scandal than I do. Byron's love for Augusta, whether it was brotherly or otherwise, does not concern me. The tale is very monstrous as Mrs. Stowe has told it, and now that it has been made public, it may be worth probing to the bottom. Perhaps Captain Byron can illumine the mystery with his numerous private manuscripts. If he cannot, let him cease wearing spurs and carrying a whip when he has no horse. Let us hear from Captain George Gordon De Luna Byron by the next mail.

J. H. B.

A Hand-Organ Story.

I'm wondering now why you should care
To hear my story, sir? Wherein
You'll find that a common soldier's share
Of glory turns out rather thin;
Yet you have noticed I never play
But five of my tunes. "There are six," you say.

"And why not play the other one too?"
Ah, my friend, you cannot know
What the other one is—how good and true
It rang through my heart long ago;
How surely it never, never again,
Through my heart can ring—but I don't complain.

Will you, sir, gently ease up my leg
'Fore I begin? There, thank you, we
Are all ready now. I hope poor Meg,
Up in heaven there, can't hear me
Telling you here on the corner, to-day,
Why there is a tune that I cannot play.

Well, there were four of us all at home
Before the war—my brother John
(A bachelor John was, sad and lone),
Living at our house, off and on—
Meg, that's my wife, and our Mary and I,
No happier house was under the sky.

But everything here must end, you know—
You know how hot the war came on;
'Fore I could say, "John, don't go,"
My brother had 'listed and gone;
And while we were all thinking war was fun,
Came a hard, hard lesson from red Bull Run.

Somehow my dinner wern't good that day,
Our Mary was shy of me too;
Meg was silent—but all she could say,
And all that either of them could do—
The spirit of John and the rolling drum,
Kept singing together a "Come, come, come."

I went—and I want to tell you now
That all the fighting I have done
Forgotten is, when I think of how
I felt that day in sixty-one;
If a wife and child have grown to your heart,
You know what a business it is to part.

I went, and dear Meg's letters of love
(Here they are folded in my breast)
Gave me rank that was far above
Stars and eagles, I think they were blest—
Blest of some angel of mercy they were—
They lightened my knapsack, may God bless her!

There, my old stump is throbbing again;
May I trouble you, sir, once more
To move a little? Oh, the pain!
The doctors say I make it sore,
Sitting here on the hard, rough street all day,
Playing my tunes. I've been tempted to say—

"Yes, sir, I know, and I times have thought
I should be better off if—well,
If I had not stopped a round grape shot
At Gettysburg, before it fell."
That was the day I had chanced to meet
Alone a poor rebel; and oh! how sweet—

Sweeter than ever your kind words now—
It was to feel, sir, while I lay,
With that awful dampness on my brow,
Counting my one good leg a day,
That John's better spirit had stayed my hand,
Uplifted in vengeance—you understand.

For three months then I'd nothing from Meg,
And—trembling lest he might say no—
I asked of the chap that took my leg
A furlough, and he bade me go—
Bade me go *home!* How I cursed the slow train,
And wearily counted the miles again.

Light was my heart when I left the cars,
Hobblin' along on cane and crutch;
Counting as nothing the slips and jars—
Counting the coming moments much;
I pulled this old hat over eyes and ears,
And held down my head to hide the tears.

Soon every stone in the dear old street
Seemed to me like a mother's face;
Oh! is there anything half so sweet
In life for me as that lame race?
"All one if all others be false or true,"
I sang to myself, for I nothing knew.

So, nursing my joy, I reached the door
And rapped, and sat me on the step,
Saying, "Here I wait till I feel once more
Soft pressing arms about my neck!"
Hanging my head with a feverish thrill
Of joy, I waited—and waited—still * * *

An envious wind, sir, kissed my hair,
Floating before my face a shape
That chilled and darkened the blessed air,
And in my cold hands turned to—crape!
How long I lay there I never was told—
I woke in the hospital, strangely old.

They told me—gently enough at first—
How Meg had died six weeks before
All broken hearted; and then the worst
They told with faces on the floor;
"Better another had died that morn—
Or, better still, she had not been born."

I said so too, and I *thought* so then;
I've learned another lesson now;
The ways of God and the ways of men
Are different ways, sir, anyhow.
The tempter was true in her trustful eyes,
And scarlet shall be as snow in the skies.

There, sir, all of my story is told,
All of it you would care to know;
If there is any glory it's plain and old—
None of the stuff that's made for show;
The tune of this organ I never play
Is "Home, Sweet Home," sir. God bless you, good day.

An Incident on Shipboard.

A passenger from Europe on the Allemania, on her last trip, furnishes the following account of a little incident that served to relieve the tedium of the passage:

"A little episode on board has furnished a topic for discussion, and may be worth recording, as a matter of gossip. A middle-aged man, intelligent looking and very well dressed, took passage on the lower deck, with a young woman of fair appearance, at Hamburg. A woman, not fair, but forty and upward, took passage in the second cabin at the same place. After the steamer had been out several days, it transpired that the latter was in pursuit of a runaway husband, who had eloped with her pretty cousin, and that the intelligent looking man referred to was the offending husband, and the girl the wicked cousin who had got possession of his affection. The indignant wife was not aware of the presence of her husband and cousin on the ship, nor did the latter have the least suspicion that the wronged wife was aboard, until the other day she obtained a glimpse of them [illegible] affectionately [illegible] drinking in [illegible] time, from a prominent [illegible] the forward deck. With the ferocity of a tigress she abandoned and sprang upon the cozy couple; she took them by surprise and stormed them unawares; she struck out right and left, first hitting one and then the other, accompanying her blows with frightful screams. The husband was paralyzed; the cousin was appalled and speechless, her bonnet torn from her head and hair dishevelled—both receiving blows and scratches and German curses from the infuriated woman. The officers soon interfered and sent the mad wife to her quarters, while the husband upon recovering breath and speech enlightened the crowd as to the cause of their separation, and mentioned particular and very cogent reasons why he could not live with his wife. She had money, he said, and abundant means for support; he had taken nothing away from her but himself, and did not believe the termagant would be able to get that piece of property back. He had left her all the property and come off poor; he had got to work for a living, she could live on her money. The pretty cousin sobbed awhile and then retired with her protector—and so ended quite an exciting scene on shipboard, which has at least helped to break up the monotony of our voyage. The wife now declares that on arriving at New York she shall have her cousin sent to the Penitentiary, and her husband must go with her or be hung. She says she has started out on this long journey to have her revenge and punish the guilty, and the work must and shall be done. The woman has a tongue, has a voice, and has anger, and if these can carry out her purpose she may succeed."

Tit for Tat.

Mr. Shirley Brooks tells the *Illustrated London News* a rather singular story of a bit of meanness and the appropriate revenge which followed it. When the Prince of Wales lately visited Hull, there was a desire to ornament, in his honor, the monument in that city erected to the memory of Wilberforce. But the column was lofty and not easily climbed, and it was hard to find any one to make the ascent and wreathe it with flowers and foliage. The authorities offered a money reward to any man who would accomplish the task. After some time, two sailors from one of Her Majesty's ships undertook the job, and performed it well. They applied for the reward, but the local officers refused to pay it, on the ground that, being servants of the Queen, it was no more than the duty of the sailors to decorate the shaft in honor of the Prince. Beer was offered in lieu of the expected guineas, and the sailors drank it and went their way, but during the night before the arrival of the royal guest, all the ornament was torn away, by the same strong and skilful hands that had carried it aloft. Moreover, a small ladder, doubtless not an ornament to the column, was left sticking there, where no one could get at it. The loyal authorities of Hull could only hope the Prince [illegible] not observe the [illegible] and disfigurement of the Wilberforce [illegible] as he passed it.

NEW YORK.

A Woman's Armory.

Fortunes in Finger Rings, and Other Fancies.

Art.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.

I think you will let me call a woman's armory her jewel-box, when you remember how the tiny flashing of an armada of diamonds kept the gazer from growing giddy on the milk-white billows of Marguerita's neck; or how the breaking of Fenella's bracelet stopped the popping of a question, whose fatal consequences could never, like the garnets, have been gathered back; or how, last summer, Harry, the warm-hearted, only abandoned his impetuous storming of a certain lady's heart, upon encountering as an outguard of the gentle fortress, a barrier audacity dared not pass, that little circumventing moat—a plain gold ring!

And in offensive weaponry, have we not the Golconda tiara whose costly volleys give such imperative distinction to the nod of Mrs. Grundy's head? And the "solitaire" on the death-white finger of scorn, that with its pointed glow, dooms to a deeper burning, the "burning shame?" And you have seen, perhaps, an emblazoned jewel more potent to "wrench awe from fools" than the spear of Ithuriel to affright a falsehood; or the ugly gleam of a pistol, and looming Sinus of an M. P., to quell the coward and knave. Nor is it the check of Diana's eyes, but the darting lustre of Diana's crescent (worth ten thousand checks) that can smite the modern Acteon into a wounded deer.

Effective, indeed, are these flagrec armors; and womanish small-arms! The history of their achievements would fill as portentous volumes as Leckey's History of Morals; and it would require a temperament more infinitesimally sensitive, and etherially keen, than even Ruskin's, to evolve for us the mystery of the not-lost art, that uses these toys in a warfare against giants.

Romance loves to borrow for an hour the jewel-box of history; and few heroines venture upon the pages of fiction into the presence of the critics, quite unarmed. Even if it be only with such little shields as the twin lockets of Blanche and Rose; or a cuirass pathetically slender, like the serpent-necklace of Elsie Venner; or weapons as harmlessly explosive as Peggotty's buttons!

And such is the antique prestige of the jewelled forms of martial equipment that it is highly probable "forty centuries look down" sympathetically upon the woman who feels her heart moved, this bright afternoon, with unfeigned delight, to go to "Tiffany's," and arm herself *cap-a-pie* for the November campaign.

First, with earrings. Pendants, nearly the length of the tarsal, are of wrought gold, both red and yellow, and in numberless fanciful forms of graded bells and balls, and finest filigree, and some with little symbolic figures clasped in latticed gold. In jets and corals, the most pleasing designs are those to which something of massiveness is given by cinque-foil leaves and clusters of berries and miniature fruit. The Japanese, with emblematic figures more sentimental than the deities of the Chinese, and which, in their reversible forms, were all the "rage" last season, are only exceeded in delicacy by the "unpolished enamel" of Parisian workmanship—of more interest just now than the Florentine, Roman, and Byzantine mosaics, because more novel, and vieing with them in the exquisite tinting of the figures, many of which are drawn from the mythologies of the antique, and even surpassing the mosaics in a certain delicacy of effect.

The broche must, of course, accord in style with the earrings, and that not subordinately, like the sleeve buttons, but with a leading emphasis in perfecting the design. One of the finest Roman mosaics ever imported is a broche, with the figure of the Virgin; so fine, indeed, that unassisted eyesight cannot discover the seams between the vari-colored atomies of stone.

But, in enamel, nothing is so beautiful as the oval-shaped and egg-shaped lockets, whose emblematic devices and dainty elaboration have a peculiar charm to the eye, and Mystery, one of the "seven lamps of architecture," adds in miniature construction to the fascination of these favorite ornaments, that have taken the place of, or rather have congregated, the "charms."

Necklaces include many-sized beads of gold and coral, and of malachite (brought in beads from Russia to be linked here very tastefully with gold), and, in their more elaborate forms, are curiously and frequently heavily linked, or hung with drops to a bogey's depth. These drop necklaces, with their golden networks and pear-shaped and tear-shaped pendants, are of all forms of jewelry the most bewitching:

"And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom,
With her laughter or her sighs;
And I would lie so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasped at night."

Of bracelets, the most admired style is pierced gold, which, with either light or shadow as a background, gives a marked effect to the graceful arabesque or Grecian figuring. Crosses of gold, thus pierced, with tesselations, including Gothic lineals, are especially to be desired.

For rings, the most beautiful setting of the day—either for jewels or for enamel, are in lozenge or oval shapes, running lengthwise with the finger.

But we have now passed,—and with lingering steps, those ornaments which are principally indebted for their value to the [illegible] (of which it is said the present collection at Tiffany's is particularly rare), and have reached the precious stones—those priceless little gifts of nature that the hand of man can only polish and arrange.

How beautiful among these are the pearls! There is something almost saintly in such offerings of the sad sea; and it seems that the breath of the world does not tarnish their purity, as it really does that of some other gems, by besetting them with the unpoetic associations of an untimely display of shoddy and of "good investment." These beautiful pearls are threaded in all beautiful forms, are laid in fluted scallop shells, medallioned in forget-me-nots, and set with leaves veined with diamonds.

A little watch, studded with pearls, is appended to a chatelaine, or watch hook, also of pearls of the latest style, to be worn over the belt—a triangular shape, at whose apex the watch forms a pendant drop. Watches there are of more masculine dimensions, that have all sorts of learned tricks—such as telling the time to the minute in the dark—and are, as far as possible, removed in intellectuality from that primitive time-piece, the floating cocoa-nut—through whose little port-hole the water breaks to fill it once an hour.

Emeralds are stones to be enshrined; they are like climaxes, not to be approached, and should be bordered with diamonds, and not loom "in the garish light of common day." The emerald is more brilliant in evening than its rival, the sapphire, which, like the truth of which it is an emblem, should be seen, as nearly as possible, in a "white light."

And do you love the opal? or have you a superstitious dread of its magical caprice? Opals set with diamonds are among the most exquisite of all the jewels at Tiffany's. They are grouped near those diamonds whose broche is a cluster of roses, whose necklace (with the "knife-edge" setting, that leaves the jewel outline clear), seems just naked diamonds trembling and clinging to the golden ladders of a fairy bridge; and whose earrings have drops with solitaire pendants, pear-shaped, and perfectly matched.

Do you care to know the prices that the "diamonds" (necklace, brooch, and earrings,) are valued at? About $57,000. A solitaire diamond is $8,000; the queen of the opals (colors just a little sleepily clouded, like the dream of a waltz of diamonds to the tune of an elfin flute), $2,600; pearls, beautifully set, $1,350, $650, and in scallop shells, $460; a lovely emerald ring, $100; linked necklace, $1,000; one of the prettiest of the enamel lockets, $100; and so on. For every jewel has its price, and is a substantial possession, and not, like thoughts were—

"Bubbles gliding under ice,
Bodied forth and evanescent,
No one knows by whose device."

There are countless other beautiful things at Tiffany's and two galleries of bronzes, which I must leave for description hereafter, lest I lose space to tell you that the fall exhibition of the Academy of Design opens with a reception this evening, and that Goupil's gallery has been newly arranged for the season, with a change of centre piece from Church's "Niagara," to James Hart's "Peaceful Homes."

The gems of the collection are "The Italian Mother," by Bouguereau; "Sunday Afternoon," by Carl Hubner; "The Spanish Mail Station," by Vibert; and "Automna," by Hamon.

The "Italian Mother" (in life size) has for a background to the beautiful face the sombre green of a wildwood, and the colors of her garments are rich with gold and crimson; a thread of coral beads marks the smooth roundness of her throat, and a white rose of lace contrasts the superb darkness of her hair; but no thought of vanity lurks in the averted glance that is fixed with all the rapt fondness of a mother upon the little babe her arms [illegible]. And the baby is the picture; the rich colors do but tend to show the pure whiteness of its robes; and even the ripeness of the mother's smiling beauty is just to set off the dimpled freshness of the little pouting bud.

"Sunday Afternoon" is the interior of a German home, about the hour of tea-time, when in the quaintly-garnished room, the family are listening to the reading of the Good Book, from the lips of a young girl chosen from a group of rosy, good-natured, in coquettish costumes and Norman caps. The *pater familias*, meanwhile, smokes his pipe, and, if he finds a passage obscure, will justly lay it to the smoke; the grandmother, and "grandma's boy," unconsciously have drawn together in the twilight—a contrast of youth and age. And the details of the picture are sedulously elaborate, even to the flowered *bas-relief* of the "best china" and the old-fashioned face of the clock.

"The Spanish Mail Station," by Vibert, is the finest picture by this artist ever exhibited in New York; indeed it is said of Vibert that his last picture is always his best. Two pretty Spanish women are resting at the mail station—one dangerously pretty, and very dangerously prettily dressed; and it is to her that two doggingly-cloaked and buckskinned Lotharios are rather desperately making love, much to the disapprobation of a dark-cloaked religieuse seated near by, who glances at them from above his open book with an expression of almost envious disgust.

You remember, perhaps, the comment of Victor Hugo: "Every flower is a lamp, of which the perfume is the flame."

Hamon, in his fanciful picture, or pencilled dream-sketch of "Automna," has, would seem, but clothed this thought with color. Both Autumn and the cruel little God of Love are going from branch to branch, with their extinguishers, "putting out" their flowers. Automa, perhaps, we may forgive, but—.

It was the reading of one of Appleton's late publications (the first of a series of wonder books), entitled "Arms and Armor," that directed our "fashion" glance this week, and made us, in the picture gallery, look through the canvases to see the precious shield of a mother's love,—the "whole armor" of the Good Book,—the garlands dropped in the wayside to be picked up by Poor, and in the extinguishers that were putting out the summer flowers—[illegible] making for a moment the future from the past.

"Arms and Armor" is a translation from the French of M. P. Lacombe, with a preface, and notes (of much value), and one additional chapter on arms and armor in England by Charles Boutell. The illustrations, seventy-one in number, are admirable wood-engravings by Catenacci, and are essential to the intelligibility of the text.

The weapons "The Stone Age" introduces us to are of the antediluvian and prehistoric period when the use of metals was unknown; when the knife, the axe, and the arrow were made of silex, attached to their handles with bands of skin or fibre, or even, it is supposed, "grown into the wood" by insertion for a year in the cleft of a living branch, in the ingenious manner of the modern savage.

The "Bronze Period" displays the arms and armor of the Assyrians, of the Gauls and of the Greeks of the heroic ages; and Homer's descriptions, being vividly accurate, are quoted at length, and reproduced in the engravings. The antique bronze of which that heroic armor and arms were composed, was of golden hue, and the dark-blue enamel with which it was ornamented is compared to the effects of the modern smith.

The "Iron Period" includes arms and armor of the Greeks of the historic ages, and those of the Persian allies, and also the bronze armor of the Etruscans, and sketches from Herodotus describe the Persian army numbering 1,700,000 men, as embracing Persians in their turbans or tiaras, with wicker-work shields, and armed with arrows and daggers; the Assyrians with their lofty helms and tunics of braided or woven flax; the Ethiopians in skins of lions and leopards and palm-wood box six feet in length; the Lydians armed like the Greeks, and the Phrygians with Armenian shields and formidable axes, double-edged.

The Romans, the Franks, the middle ages, and the transition period, are diversions in the history of weapons, both of offence and of defence, that lead us step by step to the time when "the triumph of the modern arms was complete," and we are left to the study of artillery, and of the small arms of latter days.

The time of the most perfect development of plate armor was in the days of Charles the Bold, and the suit was then composed of the *cuirass*, covering the whole figure, breast, and back; the *epaulières*, guards for the shoulders; the *brassarts*, or arm-guards; the *coudières*, elbow-guards; the *avant-bras*, guards for the lower arms; the *fauldes*, *tuilles* and *bas-bergeon*, worn under the *cuirass*; the *cuissarts*, thigh-pieces; the *grevières*, leg-pieces; the *laminated soullerets* (with the spurs); and the latest invention, the *gauntlets*.

A collection of antiquities and curiosities from Alaska, that have been exhibited here, contain specimens of ancient armor, affording curious study that is much augmented in interest by Boutell's book, used as a reference in determining nationality and dates.

And had we not just been reading this wonder book of Appletons', we could not have appreciated the beautiful bronze, at Tiffany's—"Thetis Selecting the Arms for Achilles"—designed by Emile Hebert, who took for this masterpiece the grand prize at the Exposition.

Thetis, whose face is classically beautiful, and whose garments are disposed with such simple dignity and grace as best befits a being of celestial birth,—is seated upon an anvil, (which we may suppose to be situated somewhere in Vulcan's studio)—and having already selected the helm and shield, she is trying on one of the greaves, (a part of the armor necessary to be fitted exactly to the form), thereby exhibiting not only the beautiful curves of her celestial form, but the power of that loving memory by which she could recall Achilles' measure:

"The shield completed, vast and strong, he forged
A breastplate, dazzling bright as flame of fire
And next a weighty helmet for his head,
Fair richly wrought, with crest of gold above,
The last, well fitting greaves of pliant tin."

FANCHON.

THE BLOOD OF ST. JANUARIUS.

Remarkable Miracle Announced by the Roman Catholics—Opinions Pro and Con—Science Denounces the Miracle.

Correspondence of the London Spectator.

On Monday we divided; L. and E. drove to Pozzuoli to test the miracle there, while Antonio and I went to the cathedral again. The Cavaliere was saying mass at one of the side altars when I looked in from the sacristy—the same over which every one has scrambled on Sunday—and had only just time to take off his cope and put on his black garment before the deputy arrived. I was under the impression that two of the keys which lock up the closet where the bust and reliquary are kept were in the hands of the municipality; but this is not strictly the case. They are kept in a cupboard in the sacristy, of which the deputy has the key—a very different thing, and showing at any rate how little fear the town authorities can have of anything like tampering on the part of the ecclesiastical people. The closet itself is in the east wall of the chapel itself, with a space of about four feet between it and the back of the high altar. It has double doors, and is just like a large banker's safe, only that the doors are silver. On the left hand one, where the bust is kept, the profile of San Gennaro is engraved, and on the other the two bottles, standing side by side on a book. They are exactly alike, but not like either of the actual bottles. Each door has the same inscription—"Carolus II. Hispaniarum Dei gratia rex 1667"—and the same ornaments. They were more punctual to-day than yesterday. The procession came in at 9 to a moment; and at two minutes past the Cavaliere had brought out the reliquary, and announced in his quiet voice that the blood had become hard again—"e duro." The liquefaction took longer than before—thirteen minutes—and it was necessary for the two priests to turn round twice to the altar. I found out the words they repeated, which I could not make out yesterday, were the Nicene Creed; and those on the second occasion the Athanasian Creed. There were no rose leaves and no sparrows this time; but everything else just as before. I got a little more insight into the reliquary. Originally it was a mere thick flat silver hoop, about 3/16 of an inch thick, with a tube at the bottom for a shank. Then, perhaps in Cardinal Caraffa's time, about 1500, another hoop of very pale brassy-looking gold and of a triangular section was added round the former, embracing the shank with a collar, and ending at the top in a massive silver crown, with a cherub on each side and a crucifix above all. It must weigh at least a couple of pounds, if not more. Part of the crown is broken away—perhaps a trace of the fall which it had in 1857, when, owing to the carelessness of a sacristan, it was allowed to roll down a flight of steps. Antonio was very anxious for me to go into the sacristy after the liquefaction to see the jewels, and I am glad I did so. St. Januarius must surely be one of the richest personages in the world. His chapel is crowded with full-sized silver busts—forty in all—of himself and other saints, which, even if not solid, must be of immense value; and I have already mentioned the riches on the altar. But the jewels in the sacristy surpassed all. There was a large case, dated September 19, 1685, containing a collar, crosses, brooches, and ornaments of all kinds, presented to the bust of the late King of Naples, the Emperor of Austria, the Pope, and other monarchs, quite extraordinary both for beauty and value—enormous emeralds and rubies, diamonds in thousands of all sizes. One moderate sized, but most charming emerald cross, the gift of Napoleon the Second, I confess, sinner that I am, roused my keenest cupidity, and I could not help the thought that it would look much better clasped round some fair living throat than on the yellow metal neck of the old bust in the chapel. There was also a mitre far more richly bedizened than that worn this morning by the bust, and literally gorgeous with stones. There may not be so many jewels or trinkets as in the large treasury at Loreto, but they are certainly of far greater value, and more imposing-looking. I must not forget some chalices, which however much one may dislike their taste, one cannot deny their value. The crowd of ladies was so great, and they were so amused and absorbed by the explanations and jokes of the priests who showed the treasures, that I could not get so near as I wished; but I saw quite enough—too much for the peace of mind of a man in love with jewels. When I returned to the hotel I found L. and E. back from Pozzuoli. I ought to say that on our way from Ischia on Saturday we stopped there to see the stone of which I heard so much in England, and a bust much spoken of in the books. They are both in the Capuchin church, said to stand over the spot of St. Januarius' martyrdom. It was all prepared for the next day's festival, and looked very pretty. There was a special altar put up for the saint, and covered with great nosegays of large pink lilies, which looked and smelt deliciously. So was the high altar. The effect was most natural and charming, and delighted us all. The bust was placed above the altar. It is a white marble one, with brownish eyes, the face solid and benevolent-looking, not unlike the present Pope. The nose has been wholly replaced, very clumsily, and without nostrils; notwithstanding a wonderful story told by one of the monks of the broken-off nose refusing to remain in the hands of the thief, and flying back, of its own accord, to its old place on the bust. It had been examined, he said, by several "personi chimichi," who testified that there was no cement to make it stick on. There is a stain on the right jaw, "like a plague-spot," which it acquired when it healed several persons afflicted with plague; and the expression of the features is said frequently to change. We should have been sorry if it had altered during our visit; for, heretics though we were, it regarded us with unmistakable approbation. The stone is in a chapel on the right. It purports to be that over which St. Januarius was beheaded, and the common belief is that at the exact moment of the liquefaction at Naples, some red marks which it contains become more apparent, and emit drops of blood. It is built into the side-wall of the chapel, and covered with a tripple grille of gilt-work. It is about six inches back from the line of the wall, and though rather in the dark, is pretty visible when a candle is poked in through the grating. L. and E. were bursting with their experiences. They got there before 9, there was hardly a soul in the church, the monks were civility itself, and they had kept their eyes on the stone till nearly a quarter to 10, but without the least effect. No change whatever took place. The monk who attended them, however, was of a different opinion, and tried to convince them that the marks were more prominent than before; but they could not see it. Certainly the [illegible] are not the eyes to create or harbor any illusion, and I fear there is no alternative but to accept his testimony. In the afternoon I called on Signor Fiorelli, the Director of the Museum, who was very kind to me in 1866, to see if he could tell me anything of the date of the reliquary or the bottles; but he had never seen either of them or the miracle—[illegible]—which struck me as a significant and unpleasant token of the hostile relations between science and religion in Naples. I thought he looked very much fagged; and it does seem absurd that so thoroughly able and sagacious an administrator should be compelled to the actual drudgery of preparing a catalogue, when there are so many fields of investigation at Pompeii and elsewhere to plan and direct. Monday was our last day together; the L.'s went off to Sicily, and E. returned to his quarters at Ischia. But before following him I preferred to remain another day with San Gennaro, and see whether there were anything I had omitted to notice. On Tuesday I was in the chapel by a quarter to 9, and this time I occupied myself less intently with the "miracle," and more with the people and the general scene. The liquefaction was more rapid than yesterday. The reliquary was brought out at 9:07, and at 9:10 the change had begun, after the repetition of the Nicene Creed only. Both yesterday and to-day the turning round of the reliquary was as frequent as before, and, to my mind, as much an element of the "miracle;" and to my observation, the ashy-gray color of the empty part of the bottle remained unaltered to the end. The clamor of the women did not at all abate, nor were their voices less harsh than before. A gentleman present was kind enough to write down for me some of their exclamations. Besides the Gloria Patri which I quoted before, there was the following, after the liquefaction had begun: "Bello quanto sei bello; per la grazia che c'hai fatto il ringraziamento." "Figliuolo della santissima Trinità, Padre, Figliuolo, e Spirito Santo." "Per la grazia santissima che c'è fatta, faremo la festa per tutta la città." When the saint unduly delays the miracle they are said to call him "old yellow-face" (in allusion to the golden color of the bust) and other pleasant names, but on none of these days were they driven to such extremities. [illegible] Two in particular I watched carefully, and am not ashamed to say that the sight of their grief brought the tears into my own eyes. Such tired and longing looks, such passionate distress and desire, such agony of weeping, I never before saw—not the less affecting because the object appeared to me so unworthy of it. [illegible]

[illegible] The Cavaliere and his assistant [illegible] After every one within the rails had been served, the four went a little on one side, and then the new comers knelt down, the Cavaliere, with the greatest deliberation, wiped the glass and held the reliquary before them, turning it round three or four times, that they might get their fill of the sight of the "blood;" then he allowed it to their lips and foreheads, and, in the case of his successor, to his breast also. And here came his own turn, and it occurred to me for the first time, as I watched them, that, occupied as he had been throughout in working and administering the miracle, the Cavaliere could not yet have seen it himself. So he and his assistant handed over the reliquary and the candle to their representatives, and then, kneeling before them, saw the same, or even a still more deliberate view, afforded them, and the same repeated contact with the sacred object. And in the afternoon, I went into the cathedral itself. The huge brass doors of the chapel were closed, until the deputy and Cavaliere should return at sunset and put by the bust and reliquary in the closet for the night. Meanwhile the bust was on one end of the high altar at the far end of the long cathedral, and the monstrance on the other, each lighted up with candles; but the reliquary was being seen and kissed by a crowd of people pressing three or four deep to a rail at the west end of the choir. I confess this was the most touching thing I saw—not for any great fervor of devotion in the people, so much as for the consideration how deep and wide-spread was the belief in this most unreasonable service. Round the apse were ranged a conclave of twenty-four great saints in the persons of their full-sized silver busts—amongst them even evangelists and apostles—each one lighted up, and each looking down at his chief on the altar below. "You see, sir"—this was the excellent Antonio's usual way of beginning—"you see, sir, Saint Gennaro is the Captain of them all, and all the saints of all the churches in Naples send their busts here to stay in his church. They don't actually belong here, but it's all the same." The "blood" had become very fluid, and followed every motion of the reliquary, but the color remained as before. The action of the priest who showed it was the same as that of the Cavaliere—turning it over and over each time. On Sunday the 26th, I was in Naples again, and could not resist going to San Gennaro once more, to take my farewell. It was the last day of the *festa*; the chapel was as full as ever, the old Cavaliere still there, but with a different assistant and a different deputy. The reliquary was brought out at 9:16, the blood solid as before; but in three minutes it began to liquefy. There was no change in the contents of the bottle—quantity, color, general character, all remained exactly as before. And I found no reason on this fourth occasion to modify my observations or impressions of the former three. I must close this already too long narrative. If I have been minute in my account, it is because I desire to record every trait of so famous a scene—a scene which the march of events and opinions will inevitably extinguish before many years are over, as it has recently extinguished the Doseh at Cairo, and the dancing before the high altar at Seville, and which will yet always be interesting and characteristic. And if I have given no summing up—passed no judgment on the "miracle of St. Januarius"—it is because I prefer rather to state my impressions as they came to me, and leave my readers to draw their own conclusions.

THE ONLY FEMALE MASON.

How She Obtained her Degrees—Her Portrait in Every Lodge Room in Ireland.

From the New York Era.

The Hon. Elizabeth St. Leger was the only female who was ever initiated into the mystery of Free Masonry. She has had two degrees—the first and second—conferred on her. As it may be interesting to the general reader, we give the story as to how Miss St. Leger obtained this honor, premising that the information comes from the best of sources. Lord Doneraile, Miss St. Leger's father, a very zealous Mason, held a warrant, and occasionally opened lodge at Doneraile House, his sons and some intimate friends assisting; and it is said that never were Masonic duties more rigorously performed than by the brethren of No. 150, the number of their warrant.

It appears that previous to the initiation of a gentleman to the first degree of Masonry, Miss St. Leger, who was a young girl, happened to be in an apartment adjoining the room generally used as a lodge-room, but whether the young lady was there by design or merely accident we can not confidently state. The room at the time was undergoing some alteration; among other things the wall was considerably reduced in one part, for the purpose of making a saloon. The young lady having heard the voices of Free Masons, and being incited by the curiosity natural to all to see this mystery, so long and so secretly locked up from the public view, had the courage to pick a brick from the wall with her scissors, and thus witness the first two steps of the ceremony. Curiosity gratified, fear at once took possession of her mind, and those who understand this passage, well know what the feeling of any person must be who could unlawfully behold that ceremony; let them judge what were the feelings of a young girl under such extraordinary circumstances. There was no mode of escape, except through the very room where the concluding part of the second step was still being solemnized at the far end, and the room a very large one. Miss St. Leger had resolution enough to attempt her escape that way, and with light but trembling steps glided along unobserved, laid her hand on the handle of the door and opened it, but before her stood, to her dismay, a grim tyler with his long sword unsheathed.

A shriek that pierced through the apartment alarmed the members of the lodge, who, all rushing to the door, and finding that Miss St. Leger had been in the room during the ceremony, resolved, it is said, in the paroxysm of their rage, to put the fair spectatress to death; but at the moving and earnest supplication of her youngest brother her life was spared, on condition of her going through the two remaining steps of the solemn ceremony she had unlawfully witnessed. This she consented to, and they conducted the beautiful and terrified young lady through those trials which are sometimes more than enough for masculine resolution, little thinking they were taking into the bosom of their craft a member that would reflect a lustre on the annals of Masonry.

Miss St. Leger was cousin to General Anthony St. Leger, who instituted the interesting race, and celebrated Doncaster St. Leger stakes. Eventually she married Richard Aldworth, Esq., of Newmarket, a member of a highly honorable and ancient family. Whenever a benefit was given at any of the theatres in Dublin or Cork for the Masonic Female Orphan Asylum, Mrs. Aldworth walked at the head of the Free Masons, with her apron and other insignia of Free Masonry, and sat in the front row of the stage box. The house was always crowded on those occasions. The portrait of this estimable woman is in the lodge-rooms of almost every lodge in Ireland.

Addition to Gray's Elegy.

[The following lines were published many years ago, anonymously, in a Rhode Island paper. The author believed that Gray had not given to the poem enough of religious character to make the charm complete; hence he wrote these verses, to follow the stanza in the Elegy beginning with the words, "Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife."]

No airy dreams their simple fancies fired,
No thirst for wealth, nor panting after fame;
But truth divine sublimer hopes inspired,
And urged them onward to a nobler aim.

From every cottage, with the day, arose
The hallowed voice of spirit-breathing prayer;
And artless anthems, at the peaceful close,
Like holy incense charmed the evening air.

Though they, each tome of human lore unknown,
The brilliant path of Science never trod,
The sacred Volume claimed their hearts alone,
Which taught the way to glory and to God.

Here they from Truth's eternal fountain drew
The pure and gladdening waters day by day;
Learned, since our days are evil, fleet, and few,
To walk in wisdom's bright and peaceful way.

In yon lone pile, o'er which has sternly passed
The heavy hand of all-destroying Time,
Through whose low mouldering aisle now sighs the blast,
And round whose altars grass and ivy climb,

They gladly thronged, their grateful hymns to raise,
Oft as the calm and holy Sabbath shone;
The mingled tribute of their prayers and praise
In sweet communion rose before the throne.

Here, from those honored lips which sacred fire
From heaven's high chancery hath touched, they hear
Truths which their zeal inflame, their hopes inspire,
Give wings to faith, and check affliction's tear.

When life flowed by, and, like an angel, Death
Came to release them to the worlds on high,
Praise trembled still on each expiring breath,
And holy triumph beamed from every eye.

Then gentle hands their "dust to dust" consign;
With quiet tears the simple rites are said;
And here they sleep, till at the trump Divine
The Earth and Ocean render up their dead.

The Perfect Woman.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like Twilight's too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon a nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman, too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel-light.

The Marriage of Sir John Smith.

Not a sigh was heard, nor a funeral tone,
As the man to his bride was hurried;
Not a woman discharged her farewell groan,
On the spot where the fellow was married.

We married him just about eight, at night,
Our faces paler turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the gas-lamp steady burning.

No useless watch-chain covered his vest,
Nor over-dressed we found him;
But he looked like a gentleman wearing his best,
With a few of his friends around him.

We thought, as we silently stood about,
With spite and anger dying,
How the merriest stranger had cut us out,
With only half our trying.

Lightly we'll talk of the fellow that's gone,
And oft for one just upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if we let him live on
In the house where his wife conveyed him.

But our heavy task at length was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the spiteful squib and fun
That the girls were sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we turned to [illegible],
We had struggled—and we were [illegible];
We shed not a tear, and we spoke not [illegible],
But we left him alone with his woman.

Anecdote of Admiral Farragut.

The following anecdote of Admiral Farragut, we believe, has not appeared in print. While at New Orleans, the officers of the [illegible], probably desirous of going North, represented the ship as greatly in need of repairs. A board of survey was appointed to examine and report on her condition. In due time the report was handed to the Admiral. After reading it over carefully, he remarked: "I find nothing but generalities in this report; it does not appear that anything is broken in the machinery, or that anything is specially wrong about her."

Then followed a dialogue between the Admiral and engineer:

Admiral. What is the matter with the vessel?

Engineer. General debility, sir.

Admiral. That's very definite; what do you mean by general debility?

Engineer. I mean that she is very weak in many of her parts, and not safe.

Admiral. Still quite definite; now, tell me, is there anything wrong in her movements?

Engineer. Yes, sir; she cannot be reversed; *i. e.*, she cannot be managed in backing her, sir.

[illegible]

Engineer. Yes, sir; I believe so.

Admiral. [illegible] answer my purpose; I do not want a vessel in my fleet to move backwards.

He then tore the report to pieces. Nothing more was heard of the "debility" of the [illegible].

Were the Empress Eugenie and the Prince Imperial, during their late trip to Corsica, arrived at Toulon, a present from the Pope was handed to "the child of France." It was a crucifix. Upon the return of the two to St. Cloud, the Prince immediately hastened to his father's sick room, and, without saying a word to the imperial patient, he knelt down at his bedside, drew the crucifix from his pocket, and commenced praying for the recovery of his father. The Emperor seemed at first to be troubled; but, suspecting that the whole scene had been devised by the Empress, and fearful as he was that it might be used by the anti-Ultramontanes against the Prince, he interrupted his son by saying rather sharply, "[illegible]"

The Roman Catholic Tablet, speaking of Father Hyacinthe's desire to have Romanism ally itself with modern civilization, says that since the publication of the Pope's Encyclical and Syllabus of December, 1864, no good Catholic could take such a position; and that since then Dr. Brownson has so far yielded his previous judgment as to defend the Syllabus as the great fact of the century.

The statistical returns of the Methodist Episcopal Church, according to the almanac of 1870, show 71 annual conferences, 9 bishops, [illegible] travelling preachers, [illegible] local preachers, [illegible] members in full connection, 194,850 members on probation; baptisms, 112,873; number of churches, [illegible]; value of church edifices, [illegible]; number of Sunday School scholars, [illegible]; amount of benevolent contributions, [illegible].

At the ordination of Rev. William H. Spencer, a recent graduate of Harvard Divinity School, who was made pastor of the Unitarian Society at Haverhill, Mass., John Weiss, distinguished for his infidel sentiments, preached the sermon. Rev. J. V. Blake, in giving the right hand of fellowship, told the candidate he could not speak in the name of a sect, church, or party. He therefore gave him, to use his own words, "The fellowship of the crowd."

The women's rights question has cropped out in an unexpected place. The Disestablished Episcopal Church of Ireland is reorganizing itself, and, in constituting its legislative body, determined, in spite of a spirited protest from Mr. F. Hamilton, of Belfast, that women should have no votes. So strong was the feeling on that point that Mr. Hamilton declined a division, the conference, we presume, believing that to give women votes would be to give them to the clergy.

A Chinese Sunday School in San Francisco has just celebrated its first anniversary. Seventy-five Chinamen were present. One of the pupils, a lad named Sun Sing Bing, writes thus: "I feel very much interested in Bible stories, and hope in time to be better able to understand it. I have many things yet to learn, and mean to keep on studying and trying to inform myself. I am in the habit of visiting this school nearly every Sabbath, and feel glad to see our young men improving. We feel grateful to the American people for sending missionaries to our country to instruct our people in the Christian religion. This is a thing much needed, and in most parts appreciated."

The Methodist local preachers number 13,000 in this country. They have been holding a convention in Cincinnati.

There are over 500,000 children in English Methodist Sunday Schools.

Methodist papers in England are gravely discussing the question whether local preachers are justified in making use of the velocipede, in reaching their house of worship on the Sabbath.

Saint Ann's, the first Episcopal Church in Brooklyn, and for forty years the only one, was established in 1784. Now, there are thirty-eight churches, six chapels, and fifty two clergy.

St. James' Church, in New York city, has decided upon the plans for a new church, which will be commenced in the spring, and cost upward of $50,000.

The Sultan has given $5,000 toward the reconstruction of the Church of the Savior (Catholic) at Antigone, on the Sea of Marmora, on the ground that his ancestor had destroyed the church.

Travelers may now visit the Mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, and the Mosque of St. Omar, built on the site of the Temple at Jerusalem, without fear of molestation, the Sultan having revoked the law prohibiting Christians from entering the mosques.

The incomes from British religious societies amount to $8,272,650 per annum; those from American religious societies to $4,284,673, excluding all contributions from the churches of the entire South.

A royal decree was promulgated in Berlin appointing the 10th of November as a day of fasting and prayer. Reference was made in the decree to the great religious movements which now agitate Europe, and it called on the people to petition for Divine guidance.

The full vote on lay delegation in the Methodist Church now stands 103,476 for, and 51,096 against. The ministerial vote, included in this, stands [illegible] for, and [illegible] against. The requisite ministerial majority has been secured, with 145 votes to spare.

The present term of the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church in New York opened with a very large number of students, about seventy-five being in attendance. This is an increase of twelve over the previous number; and, to accommodate all who have been admitted, five new rooms have been fitted up, in a floor formerly used as a gymnasium. Rev. J. M. Forbes, D. D., has been elected Dean, and Rev. G. W. Sumner, Professor of Hebrew.

Mr. Berghaus is quoted, by Professor Max Muller, as estimating the Buddhists at 31.2 per cent of the human race, the Christians at 30.7, the Mohamedans at 15.7, the Brahminists at 13.4. Nepaul, Burmah and Siam, Ceylon, Thibet, Mongolia, and China are the countries where Buddhism is in the ascendant.

The holy vessels and relics of the temple at Jerusalem, some of which were said to have descended from the time of Moses, are safe at the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea. They were lost while being transferred from Rome to Carthage, 400 years after they had been ostentatiously displayed at the triumph of Titus.

It is a difficult task to suit every one. The proposed revision of the English Prayer-Book brings this fact out pretty prominently. Take the question of a revision of the marriage service alone. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says in substance that some object to the phrases in it (omitted from the American version) which speak too plainly, and, as some think, immodestly, of the marriage relation. Others think that there should be at least another form to be used in the case of persons to whom some of its assumptions do not apply. Others find it too religious, and want the service to recognize marriage as a civil relation, while others think that, as it stands, it is not religious enough.

Mrs. Sophia Meylin died in Lancaster City, Penn., leaving a will in which she directed that $1,000 of the balance of her estate shall be given to Trinity Lutheran Church and the residue, amounting to $6,000, to Zion German Lutheran Church. Unfortunately for the churches, as this will was executed less than thirty days previous to the testatrix's death, that portion of it relating to these bequests is void, under an act of the Legislature.

A Jewish married couple in Prague were lately converted to the Roman Catholic faith, and wishing, with the zeal of neophytes, to leave the past entirely behind them, resolved to separate, and applied to the Catholic Vicar for a divorce. To their great disappointment they were informed that as a marriage is accounted a sacrament in the Roman Catholic church, the marriage was indissoluble. The postulants, however, did not lose their presence of mind, but after a momentary discomfiture, replied that a marriage celebrated by a Jewish rabbi could not be regarded as a sacrament by a Catholic clergyman. This argument was unanswerable, and at last the Vicar declared that the marriage might be dissolved, but only by a rabbi; which accordingly took place.

A Russian Bible, printed in England by the British and Foreign Bible Society, has been refused circulation in the empire. Several thousand copies were forwarded under the address of a Russian General, but were stopped on the frontier. The censors sent them to the Ecclesiastical Consistory, who forbid their circulation, on the ground that the right of publishing the Bible for the use of the orthodox rested with the Holy Synod alone. The decision was arrived at after consultation with the synod. Notwithstanding this conclusion, it is thought that the American Bible Society, by sending a deputation to St. Petersburg, could arrange a system of co-operation.

Six young men have just graduated at the Protestant College in Constantinople.

Several Protestant colleges have been established in Japan.

Four sees of the Church of England were vacated at nearly the same time—Exeter, to which Dr. Temple has been appointed; Bath and Wells, to which Lord Arthur Hervey has been appointed; Oxford, to which Rev. J. F. Mackarness has been appointed; and Carlisle, for which Dr. Goodwin, Dean of Ely, has been nominated.

From Georgia, Asia, comes a letter stating that the Jews who have been settled there for upward of two thousand years, and have suffered every privation under various dynasties, have, through the exertions of Joseph Tscharin, been assisted by the Emperor Alexander, and are now enjoying every immunity from trouble on account of their religion.

In consequence of a letter addressed to Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, by Dr. Merle D'Aubigné, with respect to some demonstration of Evangelical Christians *apropos* of the approaching Roman council, a meeting was held in London, where it was resolved, among other things, as follows: "That the month of December should be specially set apart by Protestant and Evangelical Christian families throughout the world to pray in private, in [illegible] social circles, for the priesthood and members of the Roman Catholic Church, that they may be blessed with [illegible] saving grace, delivered from all human error [illegible] full knowledge of scriptural [illegible] was deemed desirable that, whenever [illegible] throughout the week, beginning on Sunday, December 5, united prayer meetings of Christians of all denominations should be held, and prayer made without ceasing for the progress of the work of reformation now proceeding in Spain, France, Belgium, Italy, Austria, and other traditional centres of Roman influence; and for the deliverance of all Protestant countries from its prevalence or extension, by the abundant outpouring of the Spirit, and the conversion of souls to the true knowledge of a pardoning Savior."

The *Baptist* calls special attention to the fact that in its report of revivals, "quite a number of the additions are from the ranks of Catholics and Campbellites."

Trevor & Colgate, who are among the gold dealers of New York, and who gave the Baptist Church at Yonkers, a fine stone house, at a cost of $150,000, were called upon by the agent of the Baptist Church edifice fund in the midst of the late excitement, and after a few moments' consultation, pledged $50,000, gave a check for $10,000, and said they would pay the balance in a few days.

The centenary of Universalism was commemorated on Wednesday evening, at Dr. Chapin's church, New York. Mr. Platt, who presided, claimed that the introduction of Universalism had proved a benefit to the world. Horace Greeley, the Rev. E. C. Bowles, P. T. Barnum, and others, addressed the meeting. Ten thousand dollars was contributed as a fund of $50,000 to be used for the benefit of the church.

The Prudential Committee of the American Board of Foreign Missions have authorized an expenditure of $500,000 next year. The board owes $5,965.44, which sum is not included in the amount appropriated. An appeal is made for the prompt contribution of the entire amount, [illegible].

The *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks that if Father Hyacinthe and his followers should be driven from the Church of Rome by extreme measures, and really become powerful, they would be forced to give up all the most important and characteristic Roman doctrines, and would ultimately develop into a creed hardly distinguishable for practical purposes from the mild English High Churchmanship.

The Centenary Committee appointed by the late General Convention of Universalists at Buffalo have made their report, urging the following objects upon the attention of the denomination for the forthcoming year, their hundredth anniversary in the United States: As a special memorial offering, the sum of $200,000 should be raised, to be known as the Murray Centenary Fund, to be vested in the Board of Trustees of the General Convention, and the income used under their direction, and in the aid of theological students, the distribution of Universalist literature, church extension, and the missionary cause.

The convent of San Gregorio, at Valencia, Spain, was well garrisoned by insurrectionists, and, therefore, being a conspicuous mark to cannon and musketry, suffered very badly. A shell went ripping through the great door and smashed it in pieces, passing through the portal and scarring the arch frightfully. Inside the portal, and just as you entered the church, in a niche, was a wooden statue of the Virgin, holding the child Jesus in her arms, smiling graciously upon all who were accustomed to enter the church. The portals of the convent were visited by ugly messengers of destruction in the shape of shells—probably a score of them—which plowed their way through and through the convent. The portal was also a target for nearly a hundred rifles, which vomited their pellets for nearly nine days. The solid buttresses, piers of the font, were fiercely dealt with; the great oaken door was smashed, and what remained of it was riddled like a sieve; the wreathed pillars of the portal decapitated; every stone within and without the portal [illegible] marked by numbers of bullets. The wooden eidolon [illegible] in the niche in which the Child appeared as if bitten by [illegible] and had even glanced off, and blurred the niche back of the statue, but the smiling Virgin and happy-looking Child were not touched. And so! Valencia has another wonder which attracts its ardent and loyal monarchist to gaze upon and adore. The fame of this wonderful Virgin and Child is spreading over Spain, and soon we shall hear that it is the recipient of diamonds, gold crowns, and rich robes.

One day a somewhat eccentric clergyman visited the late Bishop of Exeter, clad in the highly unorthodox costume of light fancy trowsers and a black neckcloth. The Bishop glanced with reproving eye at the trowsers, and then observed: "Not quite a clerical garb, I think, my dear Mr. Dornton." "Well, my Lord," replied the confused rector, "the fact is that my trowsers were of much darker hue, but repeated visits to the laundry have made them look lighter." "Ah," rejoined the Bishop, with an upward glance, "I perceive the color of the trowsers has run it to the [illegible]."

[illegible]

[illegible] The united pastorate of five of the [illegible] sixty-seven years. [illegible] forty years.

It is reported of Rev. E. P. Humphrey, D. D., pastor of the College Street Presbyterian Church, Louisville, that if the proposed union of the Old and New School be consummated, he will unite with the Dutch Reformed Church.

At the last meeting of the Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in New York, a proposition was favorably considered to transfer the funds of the missionaries now employed in China to this country, and devote it to the work of Christianizing the emigrants of that nation already among us.

Bishop Simpson was invited, at Atlanta, Ga., a few evenings since, to preach in the Central Presbyterian Church, but was afterward notified that in consequence of his prominent position and influence at the North in favor of the Union during the war, the courtesy could not be extended to him.

The *Church Chronicle*, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, gives an account of a church just completed, beautiful and church-like in its appearance, which was built by the hands of those who worship in it, including the clergyman who ministers at the altar. All worked day after day, industriously and cheerfully. It was completed without the aid of a bazaar, or concert, or oyster supper, or velocipede race, or lottery, or mock marriage, but the work of their own hands, and the outpouring of their own loving hearts.

The Roman Catholics are erecting a large cathedral in the city of Pekin, China, two hundred and fifty feet long, built of granite, in highly ornamented Gothic style. It will take several years to complete it, and will cost, probably, three or four millions of dollars. The funds are provided in Europe and America.

Bishop Morris insists that the members of the Methodist Church should give, on an average, $1 each, for the cause of missions, every year. Some are not able to give that much, but others can give more; that he gives $100, being $1 for himself, and $1 each for ninety-nine others, who are either unable or unwilling to give their dollar.

A correspondent of the New York *Observer*, writing from the city of Mexico, says an extraordinary religious reformation is going forward in that country. In the city there are eight organized bodies of native Evangelical Christians, and ten or twelve similar congregations in the surrounding country, composed of men and women who would sooner die than renounce their faith.

The Conference of the Evangelical United Brethren Church of Indiana, at its late session, passed a resolution to become a conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, subject to ratification by the votes of the membership. The action has been approved by the requisite majority, and a conference was called the present week, at Clifford, Indiana, to consummate the measure.

The editor of the *Standard of the Cross* thinks the letter of Dr. Tyng will precipitate a rupture in the Protestant Episcopal Church, he being regarded as the leader of the movement, and his influence is such that "one blast upon his bugle horn is worth a thousand men."

Recently there was a service in St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate Church, London, for the "Special Celebration of the Blessed Sacrament, at 12:15 p. m., in connection with the vacant see of Salisbury." A correspondent states that incense having been thrown all over the church by a person habited in a long black cassock, previous to the service, two officiating ministers proceeded to the so-called altar; one of them, the Rev. Mr. Rodwell, dressed after the fashion of a Roman priest, and wearing over a close-fitting surplice something like a tunic, of a violet color, with a large gold-colored cross on the back; and the other, though differently robed, wearing a dress quite unlike that of a Protestant clergyman. The celebrant stood or knelt the greater part of the time, with his back to the people; and when he came to the words in the prayer of consecration, "This is my body," he elevated his hands just above his head, and then some little bells tinkled, and the church bell sounded three times. No one received the bread and wine except the celebrant, and when all was over he went to the southeast corner of the chancel, where the other poured something like water into the cup at three different times, and which the celebrant drank. There was a good congregation, and some as they passed out of the church put money into a box over which was written, "For flowers for the altar." There was a paper inside the church door, with a black cross on the top, desiring prayers "for the repose of the soul of the late Bishop of Salisbury," and underneath were the letters R. I. P.

Under the plan of Presbyterian reunion now being consummated at Pittsburgh, the following Old School precedents will fall to the ground: 1. The Old School decided in 1843 that marriage with a deceased wife's sister was unscriptural. This has never been a subject of New School action, and the reunion will therefore relieve that considerable majority of the Old School people who have long since ceased to believe in this curious doctrine. 2. Roman Catholic baptism was declared invalid by the Old School Assembly in 1845; an indefinite postponement of the subject in the New School Convention of [illegible] will leave this to be decided in the united body. 3. The Old School condemned the practice of sitting in time of public prayer, and that of the reading of sermons in church by laymen in the absence of clergymen, in 1849; both of which are common usages never discountenanced in the New School. 4. But the most important was the action in regard to the Southern Churches. The action of the Old School, which ruled out the Commissioners from five synods, will of course become invalid under the plan of reunion. The action of the Old School in 1865, by which the churches adhering to the rebellion were cut off from the Church, will also be repealed.

VIOLETTA.

"Rest in itself, unknown to view,
A violet in the meadow grew,
A violet of the loveliest hue."—*Goethe.*

There is a little village, situated a few miles from Vienna, whose name I have forgotten; it matters not, however, for in the whole world there is none other so charming. A chapel stands on the hill, wild roses and ivy cling to its gray walls, whilst neat, low, white houses gaze humbly out of their luxuriant covering upon the windows of the little church, as though they were pious beggars. This peaceful spot is entirely encircled by lofty linden and chestnut trees.

The organist's house was the prettiest in the village; it was detached from the others, but, like them, was almost hidden by foliage. The old organist took delight in attending to his plants, and among the profusion of roses, violets, lilies, and tulips, the most beautiful flower that bloomed was his dear little daughter Violetta. He had buried his faithful wife when his child was but six years old; this had been the greatest grief of his life, whose current until then flowed on quietly and peacefully as that of a brook. He possessed, however, a wondrously powerful consoler, into whose arms he threw himself when his beloved companion [illegible]; it was her soft hand that smoothed away all discomfort, that alleviated every sorrow; this comforter was called—Music; she was indeed fervently loved, and became the sole mistress of his heart.

He cherished another precious treasure—an old spinet—which was placed in the corner of his sitting room; here it was that the organist held intercourse with the spirits of the great Bach and Handel, conversed with the old Italian masters, and forgot himself while wandering in the magic realms which they disclosed to him.

To Violetta these conversations did not always seem charming or beautiful, the spinet rustled and hummed at times most strangely, for her father's fingers often lingered too long upon the keys; she took good care never to say this, but sat quietly and pleasantly at her work; then, when the player stopped, and, highly excited and speechless, would turn to her with an enraptured countenance, she would nod at him with a smile, and gently kiss his brow. Her father would often relate to her what he knew about the old masters, but she disliked to hear that the great Sebastian Bach had worn an ugly old wig, and that Master Handel took so much snuff. She shuddered to [illegible] pleasant, bright portraits that her fancy pictured [illegible] of those noble artists, destroyed. The old organist repeated the same stories almost every day; Violetta listened to them with quiet attention [illegible], as though she heard them for the first time; not a feature of her lovely face showed the slightest trace of fatigue. She also had seen a celebrated musician, this happy Violetta, nor did she ever forget it; by some he was called "Father Haydn," but Violetta's father always called him "his king," and in the old man's heart there glowed an adoration and love for him, whose power his child could not suspect.

When she was a little child, her father had once taken her with him to the great imperial city, and there she had heard, in a magnificent church, a glorious work, called the "Seasons." The child's soul, although blissfully and strangely moved, was almost crushed by the powerful masses of sound that streamed upon it for the first time. She dreamed of the balmy air of "Spring," she breathed the intense heat of "Summer," then the huntsman's horn sounded merrily, and spoke to her of the delicious days of "Autumn," but, as cold, icy "Winter" approached, she clung even closer to her father. He, however, scarcely knew that his child existed; he sat beside Violetta, and listened half breathlessly, alternately laughing and weeping. When all was over, he took his child by the hand, pushed his way through the throng, and passed out of the church. Without, [illegible] many people, old and young, men and women, in their midst stood an elderly slender man, and a pair of eyes, a countenance like peace itself, reminded one of heaven. From the mouths of all around sounded the name of "Father Haydn!" Violetta looked at him with timid reverence and strained eyes; Father Haydn had for every one a friendly word, a shake of the hand, or a kind glance; [illegible] Then Violetta's father forced his way through the dense circle, and, seizing Haydn's hand, exclaimed, in a half-suffocated voice, "Thanks, Father Haydn!" The master pressed his hand, nodded to him, and smiled. It is true that Violetta had seen all this; nevertheless, she was obliged to listen daily to this occurrence, which was a beaming light in her father's life. "If I were to see my King once more, child of my heart," he sometimes said, "believe me, I would die of joy; for when I held that blessed creative hand in mine I felt as if my heart would break!"

One day when the linden trees and the roses were in full bloom, and the village looked its loveliest, Violetta sat dreaming in the garden, as was often her wont, and her father reclined in the arbor, reading. Suddenly, a trilling was heard behind the garden fence, and a fresh, merry face peered over the thick hedge, quite close to the pretty Violetta. The new-comer was a slight young man, who appeared fatigued; he carried a small portfolio under his arm, and a heavy stick in his hand; a little black hat covered his head, his thick light-brown hair was in disorder, and a tame starling sat upon his shoulder. The stranger said, imploringly, and his blue eyes spoke more eloquently than his words: "Dear, charming maiden, let me enter!" Without awaiting other answer than Violetta's smile, he sprang boldly over the hedge. The old organist hurriedly approached, and found Violetta laughing until the tears rolled down her cheeks; for the young man had lost his portfolio whilst taking this "*salto mortale*;" loose music and pencils flew in every direction; the starling screamed: "Misfortune upon misfortune!" and chased away constantly in Italian.

After making a little speech which pleased the old organist, he invited his unexpected guest into the arbor, where Violetta placed before him fresh bread, delicious milk and butter, cherries and perfumed strawberries. The young man and the starling were delighted; both master and bird ate, drank, and chatted, as though for a wager. If the stranger made a joke, the starling repeated it, and continually cried, "Bona! Figaro, attention! Figaro attention!"

In an hour's time the inhabitants of the little white house were as confidential with their guest as though they had lived for years together, the old organist even commenced to relate something about Master Bach, and found a very attentive listener in the young musical student. At last the old man's heart opened entirely in the society of this merry, child-like, simple man, and he told him mysteriously—as though he were disclosing to him the existence of the most precious treasure—his favorite story of Haydn's shake of the hand. The young man listened to his discourse with a quiet smile, but when the old man had finished he related to him in return, with [illegible] and low, trembling voice, that Father Haydn had once given him a kiss. The old organist would not believe this, although the starling screamed like mad: "The truth, although it were a crime!" As they took leave of each other by moonlight, it occurred for the first time to the true hearted old man to inquire his guest's name.

"I am called Amadeus," he answered, "and I shall often return."

"Do," said the organist, laughing and shaking his hand; "then you shall see my collection of music—a room full of great treasures, I tell you." [illegible] "Farewell, we are going; farewell, farewell, until we meet again!" And so they departed. They heard for a long time a pleasant duet [illegible] of a bird.

Scarcely four days had elapsed, when the gay musical student leaped over the hedge again, but this time he was neither exhausted nor fatigued, but bold and fresh. Violetta was rejoiced to see him, and, whilst he without any ceremony threw his arms around her neck and kissed her upon the beautiful mouth, the starling cried: "He who has found a love!" How delighted the old organist was to see the young man again! He drew him, with a mysterious air into a little room, opened an old cupboard, and Amadeus beheld with astonishment a treasure, consisting of the most valuable works of Sebastian Bach, Handel, Palestrina, Pergolesi, and others. A few of Father Haydn's pieces were there as well. [illegible]

FURS.
FINE FU
VERY FINE MAIN[illegible] MINK
HUDSON BAY MINK SE
[illegible]

[illegible] The summer passed away, but there was not a week in which Amadeus did not visit the village to sing with Violetta, to converse with the old organist about Sebastian Bach, Handel, and Father Haydn. Upon Violetta's father once asking him [illegible] what you think of Mozart [illegible]

The young man replied: "I know him very intimately—in fact as well as I do myself. Mozart is a very merry, careless fellow, who resembles myself in appearance, but has a more serious air when he handles his baton or his pen. He is as happy as a child, and always tries to do his best; his soul revels in a sea of sweet tones that surround him; the world smiles upon him, and he bears [illegible] in the world. He is fond of flowers, butterflies and wine, but prefers a lovely maiden's face to anything else. You would like him I assure you, for he has not a single enemy; he has a wife whom he loves indescribably, and she deserves his love, for she has few faults; however, she is jealous, and that sometimes torments the [illegible] Mozart."

The organist smilingly shook his head, but Amadeus took a hasty leave, although he had been there scarcely an hour, and the sun was still high in the heavens. "Don Juan, a new opera of Mozart's, is to be brought out this evening," he said, "and I am anxious to know how it will please the people; I am of rather a restless nature, and to-day I am quite as much excited as Mozart himself; to-morrow I will tell you all about it." So speedily did he depart that he forgot to kiss Violetta, and left her bunch of flowers lying unheeded; even the starling had scarcely time to call out: "Quick feet, lively courage!" The maiden drooped her little head all day; whether on account of the forgetfulness or the faded bouquet, I cannot say.

The next day flew by; there was no Amadeus to be seen; the sun sank deeper and deeper, and the yellow leaves fell from the trees. The old organist sat in his arm chair, buried in the contemplation of his musical treasures; Violetta hummed, and it was very low, for her heart was not light. Suddenly there was a knocking at the window; a well-known voice begged admittance; Violetta sprang up hastily, accustomed to his eccentricities; she opened the window, and the happy musical student leaped into the room. "Dear papa," he said, with a face like a spring morning, "Mozart has succeeded very well; Don Juan is quite passable; moreover, he greets you, and he has sent you something that I will immediately bring to you. But first accept this little souvenir from me!" He placed a few sheets, neatly sewed together, in his old friend's hands. [illegible] Violetta received also a pretty song with the inscription: "To my Violet." It commenced thus:

"A violet on the meadow grew."

The young girl was delighted; the old man, however, looked over the pages with his serious sharp eyes, then rose, went quietly to his music closet, and laid the sheets carefully between Bach and Handel. The young man's cheerful countenance quivered with silent emotion; the organist took both his hands, and said: "You know, better than any one else, what this place signifies!" Then Amadeus' blue eyes filled with tears; he seized the old man's hand with passionate impetuosity, and exclaimed: "Father, I am Mozart myself! Yes, I am the wild, merry Mozart, to whom you have given a greater, deeper, more heartfelt joy by this simple mark of honor, than can ever the loud applause of the world! I thank you. But I have also another surprise for you!" He threw himself like a child on the breast of the old man, clasped him in his arms, and then ran out of the door. A moment later his beaming face reappeared; the starling cried: "God save Sarastro!" Then entered—Father Haydn. A flash of delight from the old organist's eyes and a trembling movement of his lips were his only greeting for his king and master. His body could not support so much emotion; and while Haydn, with his smile full of soul, extended his hand and said: "God greet you!" Mozart bent anxiously over him; but Violetta threw herself at her father's feet—for God had beckoned to him, and his spirit had soared into the realm of eternal heavenly harmonies.

Many, many years have elapsed since then; Father Haydn has long since led the glorious choir of angels above; Mozart also slumbers the deep sleep of eternity; these and other stars have disappeared from our earth, but the little village still peeps as peaceably and quietly from its bright foliage, the linden trees bloom as before, and in the organist's dwelling resides an old woman. It is the once beautiful, charming Violetta. She never married, and lives a dream life in her recollections. If you wish to visit her, you need only question her about the great master Mozart; then her eyes become animated, and a flush of youth seems to pass over her features. She will talk of him for hours, and will, perhaps, show you a little sheet of music, made yellow by the hand of time, upon which stands written, in a careless handwriting:

"A violet on the meadow grew."

A New Portrait of Mahomet.

In a very remarkable article on "Islam," in the new number of the *Quarterly Review*, the writer thus sketches Mahomet, his sources of information being the traditions: "He was of middle height, rather thin, but broad of shoulders, wide of chest, strong of bone and muscle. His head was massive, strongly developed. Dark hair, slightly curled, flowed in a dense mass down almost to his shoulders. Even in advanced age it was sprinkled by only about twenty gray hairs, produced by the agony of his 'revelations.' His face was oval shaped, slightly tawny of color. Fine, arched eyebrows were divided by a vein which throbbed visibly in moments of passion. Great black restless eyes shone out from under long, heavy eyelashes. His nose was large, slightly aquiline. His teeth, upon which he bestowed great care, were well-set, dazzling white. A full beard framed his manly face. His skin was clear and soft, his complexion 'red and white,' his hands were as 'silk and satin'—even as those of a woman. His step was quick and elastic, yet firm, and as that of one 'who steps from a high to a low place.' In turning his face he would also turn his full body. His whole gait and presence were dignified and imposing. His countenance was mild and pensive. His laugh was rarely more than a smile. 'Oh, my little son!' reads one tradition, 'hadst thou seen him, thou wouldst have said thou hadst seen a sun rising.' 'I,' says another witness, 'saw him in a moonlight night, and sometimes I looked at his beauty and sometimes at the moon, and his dress was striped with red, and he was brighter and more beautiful to me than the moon.' In his habits he was extremely simple, though he bestowed great care on his person. His eating and drinking, his dress and his furniture, retained, even when he had reached the fullness of his power, their almost primitive nature. He made a point of giving away all 'superfluities.' The only luxuries he indulged in were, besides arms, which he highly prized, certain yellow boots, a present from the Negus of Abyssinia. Perfumes, however, he loved passionately, being most sensitive of smell. Strong drinks he abhorred. His constitution was extremely delicate. He was nervously afraid of bodily pain; he would sob and roar under it. Eminently unpractical in all common things of life, he was gifted with mighty powers of imagination, elevation of mind, delicacy and refinement of feeling. 'He is more modest than a virgin behind her curtain,' was said of him. He was most indulgent to his inferiors, and would never allow his awkward little page to be scolded, whatever he did. 'Ten years,' said Anas, his servant, 'was I about the prophet, and he never said so much as "Uf" to me.' He was very affectionate toward his family. One of his boys died on his breast in the smoky house of the nurse, a blacksmith's wife. He was very fond of children. He would stop them in the streets and pat their little cheeks. He never struck any one in his life. The worst expression he ever made use of in conversation was: 'What has come to him?—May his forehead be darkened with mud!' When asked to curse some one, he replied: 'I have not been sent to curse, but to be a mercy to mankind.' 'He visited the sick, followed any bier he met, accepted the invitation of a slave to dinner, mended his own clothes, milked his goats, and waited upon himself,' relates summarily another tradition. He never first withdrew his hand out of another man's palm, and turned not before the other had turned. His hand, we read elsewhere—and traditions like these give a good index of what the Arabs expected their prophet to be—was the most generous, his breast the most courageous, his tongue the most truthful; he was the most faithful protector of those he protected, the sweetest and most agreeable in conversation; those who saw him were suddenly filled with reverence, those who came near him loved him; they who described him would say: 'I have never seen his like, either before or after.' He was of great taciturnity, and when he spoke it was with emphasis and deliberation, and no one could ever forget what he said. He was, however, very nervous and restless withal, often low-spirited, downcast as to heart and eyes. Yet he would at times suddenly break through these broodings, become gay, talkative, jocular, chiefly among his own. He would then delight in telling amusing little stories, fairy tales, and the like. He would romp with the children and play with their toys—as, after his first wife's death, he was wont to play with the dolls his new baby wife had brought into his house."

The Inquisitive Traveller.

A correspondent relates the following as his own personal experience:

"I left New York for Albany in no very pleasant mood. Getting up for an early train is neither customary nor agreeable with me; the coffee was muddy and the steak abominable. I got into a muss with a hackman about my fare to the depot, my finger was jammed in the car door, and a fat man stepped on my toe as I moved to my seat. My face I knew looked forbidding, and though the car was full, the seat beside me was not taken. We had gone past one or two stations, when a tall, broad-shouldered, farmer-looking fellow got into the car, and, without a 'By your leave,' or 'Is this seat engaged?' down he sat by me. I gave him a severe look that ought to have annihilated him, but it didn't. Then I looked out of the window, and the car moved on. By-and-by my attention was attracted by a gentle voice.

'Pleasant day.'

I gave him to understand, in a curt way, that I [illegible] After a while he reached his long neck out by me and said, drawlingly:

'Looks as if we should have some rain, soon.'

I let the remark pass without reply, determined he should not draw me out. After some time he again spoke:

'Killed a hog last night.'

'Well, what's that to me?' I said sharply.

'Guess how much it weighed.'

'Oh, don't bother me—six hundred pounds.'

'Guess again,' after a pause.

'Well, say a hundred pounds.' The challenge to guess had a trifle of interest in it, but in a moment, ashamed of having shown any at all, I thrust my head out of the window, awaiting my sturdy associate's further advances. He made none, and after riding some ten or fifteen minutes, I looked round. He was staring out of the window, apparently lost in reflection.

'How much did you guess the hog weigh, anyhow?' I asked, as airily as I could.

His face didn't change a muscle, though I thought his eye looked a little mischievous, as he replied:

'Don't know; we didn't weigh him.'

Fortunately for my peace of mind, he got out at the [illegible] station."

A Reminiscence of Burns.

A lady correspondent of the Des Moines *Register*, visiting the South, came down the Valley Road and through Keokuk, of course. And coming down she had a pleasant bit of conversation—interviewed a Scotch lady, and reports it. Says the writer: "We had been but a short time 'railward bound' when a little girl on the train was taken sick. [illegible] I offered the girl's mother a simple remedy, which she accepted. In a short time she had an opportunity to do a favor for me, and [illegible] so soon became acquainted. Perceiving by her broad accent that she was Scotch, I asked her if she had ever been reading [illegible] countryman, Robert Burns. 'Yes, yes,' [illegible]

STOVES AND RANGES.
[illegible]

REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

[illegible]

To the Editor of the St. Louis Republican:

In the fall of 186-, I was ordered to take off a regiment of Eastern troops, stationed at a small town in Kentucky. [illegible]

Tea and Coffee.

Taking into account the habits of the [illegible] tea and coffee for supper and breakfast, [illegible] human health and life, if a single cup [illegible] frequency or quantity. [illegible]

A Com

The *Pall Mall* [illegible] an editorial article [illegible] London *Daily Tel* [illegible]

Possibilities of New Political Combinations.

The Royal Pensioners.

The Late Earl of Derby.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

LONDON, Oct. 27.

To the eye, English politics are calm, but turbulent under currents are there. This is, in truth, a pause before consideration,—a breathing time,—the stillness of the torrent ere it dashes below. The Cabinet Ministers have just met in consultation as to their plans for the coming campaign, and unless confessions were made all round the room, little but wrangling could have been heard.

Glance for a moment at

THE SOCIAL AREAS.

[illegible]

SEMI-DETACHED WIVES.

The Comforters of "Bored Husbands."

From the Saturday Review.

[illegible]

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

[illegible]

The Initials.

[illegible]

AN UNSUBJECTED WOMAN

From All the Year Round.

[illegible]

The Gray Monk's Missives.

From All the Year Round.

[illegible]

INDIAN TRADITIONS

The Story of the Deluge on this Continent.

[illegible]

TIT-BITS.

[illegible]

WASHINGTON.

The Present Condition of Our Relations with San Domingo.

Commissioner Delano's Three Committees of Experts.

Condition of Senator Grimes' Health.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.

THE "SAN DOMINGO EXPEDITION."

[illegible]

COMMISSIONER DELANO'S DEPARTMENT.

[illegible]

SENATOR GRIMES.

[illegible]

TENNESSEE RAILROADS AGAIN.

[illegible]

NEW YORK.

[illegible]

SPRINGFIELD.

[illegible]

PACIFIC COAST.

[illegible]

CINCINNATI.

[illegible]

INDIANA

I. O. O. F.

[illegible]